

Horse Matters.

THE CHICAGO MEETING.

The trotting meeting which opened at Chicago on the 14th inst., proved one of great interest to horsemen. Among the interesting events was the race between Fanny Witherspoon, Monroe Chief, J. B. Thomas, William H. and Adele Gould, in the 2:10 class, in which Fanny was the winner in three straight heats, time 2:19, 2:18 and 2:20. Five hundred dollars extra was offered provided the winner trotted a heat better than 2:16, but no one appeared to want it—or at least did not take it. The 2:40 class had only three entries, a long list of entries—two believe—tapering down to that many when business actually commenced. Those who put in an appearance were Phallus, Adelaide and Index. The latter was distanced the first heat. Phallus took the race in three straight heats, the time being 2:22, 2:23, and 2:24. Phallus is a brown stallion, standing 15 hands three inches high, big boned, large head but well shaped, good feet, and is said to be a good natured and a level headed horse. His sire was Dictator, and his dam by Clark Chief. He proved a surprise to outsiders. Beating 2:25, he was awarded \$500 extra.

In the race for four-year-olds there were five starters, namely Eva, Algha, Jersey Lily, Billy Clinker and Bonita. Eva was third in the first heat, and then took the next three straight. The time made was 2:23, 2:24, 2:26 and 2:28. The winner is about 15 hands high, long-bodied, roach-backed, clean limbed, with long, thin neck, big shoulders, and deep chested. Not a handsome animal, by any means, but with the conformation and muscles of a greyhound, showing both speed and staying powers. She is by Sultan, out of a Clay Pilot mare.

Catchy, the wonderful bay mare by Administrator, dam Cachuca, by Almont, took the 2:27 race in three straight heats, and carried off \$500 extra by beating 2:21. Her competitors were Sleepy Joe, Minnie Warren and Commander, but they did not put her to her best speed.

The 2:30 pacing race was an eye opener. Four horses put in an appearance, namely, Johnson, Gurgle, Eddie D. and Billy S. The race was won in the easiest manner by Johnson, in remarkable time. In the first heat Billy S. and Eddie D. were distanced, and in the second Gurgle had the flag dropped in her face also. The time was 2:13 and 2:15. Johnson got \$500 extra for making a heat better than 2:20.

The winner is a dark bay with black points, and a few white hairs in his forehead. He stands 16 hands three inches high, long coupled and a plain looking horse, with ragged bits projecting high up, and a slightly sloping rump. His sire was Green's Bashaw, and his dam was by Ned Forrest—trotting blood on both sides. He was formerly known as Charlie M., and is a very deceiving horse. The amount of money lost in this race was very heavy. Johnson is reported to have made a mile in 2:10, and those who saw him lay out the field in such hollow style are inclined to think he can.

The free-for-all pacing race had five starters, Richball, Flora Belle, Buffalo Girl, Lucy and Genie. The first heat was taken by Flora Belle, the second by Buffalo Girl, and then Richball, an outsider, jumped forward and took the next three heats, to the great disgust of the knowing ones. The backers of Richball were credited with pulling in about \$20,000. The heats were trotted as follows: 2:15, 2:14, 2:16, 2:18; 2:15.

The 2:17 race was an uninteresting one, between Charley Ford, Edwin Thorne and Van Arman. Thorne won in three straight heats in very slow time, the best time being 2:20.

In the three-minute class was another surprise. The entries were Majolica, Phallus, Felix and Index. The race was for \$2,500, with \$500 added if 2:27 was beaten. Majolica was the favorite, and won the first two heats in 2:17 and 2:21 respectively. Then Phallus went in and took the next three in 2:16, 2:20 and 2:21, equalling Jerome Eddy's best time, the best stallion time on record, except Smuggler's.

In the 2:30 pacing race Richball, Bessie M., Westmont and Lone Jack. The latter seems to have been correctly named, as he was beat by the flag in the second heat. Richball was the favorite, and won in straight heats. Time, 2:18, 2:16 and 2:18. Richball got \$500 extra for beating 2:27. Take it all in all the meeting was a success, and brought into prominence some horses heretofore but little known. The practice of offering an extra purse in a number of classes to horses beating certain time undoubtedly added a great deal to the interest, as in nearly every instance it was captured.

JUSTIN MORGAN.

Justin Morgan, the founder of the Morgan family, that bears his name, was bred in Springfield, Mass., and foaled in 1783, the property of Justin Morgan, who took him to Randolph, Vt., where he became very celebrated as a stallion, and has left a larger number of descendants, probably, than any other horse in North America. Justin Morgan was sired by True Briton, or Beautiful Bay, owned by Sealy Norton, of East Hartford, Conn. True Briton has a romantic history. He was ridden in the American Revolution by Gen. DeLancy, a British officer in command of some refugees on Long Island. True Briton was captured and stolen from Gen. DeLancy by one Smith at King's Bridge, who took him over to the American forces near White Plains, and sold him for \$300, to Joseph Ward of East Hartford, Conn. Ward used the horse three or four years for a saddle and carriage horse, and afterwards disposed of him to Sealy Norton, who stood him for mares during his life. The following extracts from an advertisement of True Briton are taken from the Connecticut Courant for April 26th, 1791:

Beautiful Bay will cover (for the benefit of the public) for 15s. the season. Cash or grain taken full. His sire was the imported Traveler owned in New Jersey. His dam Delancy's imported Racer. Ten pounds was offered for one of his colts,

when ten days old, at Lanesborough. He is in his prime, in fine order; bright bay, fifteen hands high; trots and canters light.

Justin was small; he stood about 14 hands high, and weighed about 950 lbs. Though small, he could not be beaten in style, strength or speed, by any competitor of his day. He was often matched for short races and never found his equal. He proved an overmatch for larger horses in drawing heavy loads. Mr. Evans had hired the little Morgan to log off ten acres of chopping. While logging a drawing match took place in the vicinity. On returning from his labors, he was informed that large horses hitched to one large log could not move it one length. Evans offered to bet a gallon of rum that he would draw it, with three starts, to the mill. The challenge was accepted. He hitched the little Morgan to the large log. He told the bystanders that he was ashamed to hitch his horse to a little log like that, "but," said he, "if three of you will get on and ride, if I don't draw it I will forfeit the rum." The horse started, and with two starts landed the log at the log-way, to the astonishment of the crowd. He drew, fair and square, a log that larger horses could not fairly start, and that too with the extra weight of three men.

Justin Morgan was a capital parade horse; he was sought for far and near by military commanders for grand reviews. He had that bold, fearless, bounding action, with perfect equipoised racking movement that gave confidence to the rider, and carried him safely through the evolutions of the gallant charger. His colts put on the lofty spirit, finished style, and accomplished action of their gallant sire, and made capital cavalry charges. In build he was the perfection of horseflesh. Few horses ever combined so much power in the same weight, or such grand style and superlative action in any shape. He had the rare faculty of putting in execution every nerve and muscle in his body, to show his accomplished style, to captivate admiring crowds.

No man of judgment could fail to discover his peculiar points of excellence, his oblique shoulders, high crest, fine ear, prominent and sagacious eye, perfect head, large and expanded nostrils, strong legs, long hips, deep and well-spread chest, high withers, short pasterns, straight and sinewy limbs, with all the important muscles far surpassing in size those of any other horse of his weight ever seen in North America.

Justin Morgan left at least six sons that scattered his seed broadcast over the land. There is no horse, living or dead, that stamped his impress more strikingly upon his descendants than this great son of True Briton. Among his sons that perpetuated his blood to a large posterity, were the Hawkins Horse, the Fenton Horse, Sherman Morgan, Woodbury Morgan, Bullrush, and Revenge. Woodbury was the most distinguished for the get of famous saddle horses. He put on the same lofty style, bold and vigorous action, as his gallant sire, and transmitted them to his colts. It was the height of military ambition to be mounted on a Woodbury Morgan. They made the most insignificant looking officer look like a military hero mounted on a war charger. The officer earned more distinction from the magnificent display of his bounding steed than from his own merits as a soldier. But Bullrush and Sherman Morgan were the most distinguished for the large number of trotters that came down from their loins. They include the large Morrill family, and the still larger Black Hawk family, which number in their ranks some of the most celebrated horses that ever appeared on the trotting course. Through these sources the blood of Justin Morgan has been transmitted to one of the largest families of trotters to be found in the history of breeding.—Observer, in Live Stock Journal.

Eva, the winner of the race for colts and fillies of 1879, is owned by Bonanza Mackey. She is a very nervous animal, and acted so badly in the first heat that she sold away down in the pools. She was driven by Hickok.

Just before Richball, the pacer, started in the 2:30 race at Chicago, he was purchased by Frank Sherman, Secretary of the Jamesville, Texas, Driving Association, for himself and one or two other parties, for \$10,000.

The Central Michigan Trotting Circuit, which was recently organized, will offer \$13,000 in premiums. The cities included in the circuit are five in number, and the dates for each are as follows: Marshall, July 31 to August 3rd; Eaton Rapids, August 8th to 11th; Charlotte, August 15 to 18; Jackson, August 21 to 24; Flint, August 28 to 31.

On Thursday last, during the Chicago races, Johnson, the phenomenal pacer, came out between the heats of a trotting race, and for a small purse attempted to beat Little Brown Jug's best time, 2:14, made at Hartford in 1881. Johnson made the first quarter in 33, the half in 1:04, the three-quarter in 1:38, and the mile in 2:11—equalling Little Brown Jug, but not winning the purse. The race was paced without a skip or break.

The Secretary of the Cleveland Driving Park, has arranged a free-for-all race for \$4,000, with St. Julien, Edwin Thorne, Trickett and Fanny Witherspoon, to be trotted on Thursday of the meeting there during the first week in August. He had also concluded a match race for \$1,000 a side, with \$2,000 added by the Association, between Majolica and Jay Eye See, but it is said the former is showing signs of lameness, and the probability is that he will not be in condition to trot.

E. DILLON & Co., of Normal, Ill., the well-known importers of Norman horses, have dissolved partnership, and a new firm has been organized to continue their business. It consists of Isaiah Dillon and sons, and Levi Dillon and sons, to be known as Dillon Bros. Their stables are situated two miles north of Bloomington, Ill., and within a hundred yards of the station at Normal. New stables have been built, and everything arranged for the carrying on of a large business.

The Farm.

Foul in the Foot.

Nature.—Foul in the foot, or bustian foul, is by many regarded as analogous to the foot rot of sheep. It is an affection confined wholly and solely to the ox tribe, and has its location in the interdigital structures immediately above and between the claws. The disease is essentially an inflammation of the interdigital substance, brought about by irritation produced in various ways, and is frequently accompanied by a deal of suppuration—the burrowing of matter beneath the hoof at times going on to such an extent as to induce fungoid growths, or ulceration with sloughing of the more sensitive structures, and a deal of fever of the system. The disease affects the front more than the back part of the feet, is more frequent in spring and autumn, and is comparatively seldom seen in cattle wholly confined to sheds.

Causes.—Foreign agents such as stones, dirt, etc., getting between the digits and setting up irritation, followed by lameness; irregular and overgrowth of the hoofs; hardened accumulation of dirt, and any injury from external violence or penetration by thorns or nails. Keeping cattle in damp meadows or sheds, whereby the horn becomes so saturated and softened by the moisture that the wearing action of the pastures induces separation of the hoofs at the coronet, and affords easy insinuation for any substance which may be handy, is perhaps a more frequent cause than any. It is also known to be a result of foot-and-mouth disease.

Symptoms.—The first thing that attracts attention is the lameness of the animal. At pasture it hobbles along in a queer manner, should two feet be diseased, and gives evidence of suffering acute pain; or, it is noticed to be lying down continually, and, unless obliged to go, will not get up to feed. In the shed it walks with much difficulty, rests the leg, and does not readily get over from side to side. If the feet are examined, a fetid dark-colored discharge can be seen oozing from between the digits, and there may be a raw surface having a tendency to ulcerate. In some instances a hard semi-horny foot growth may be apparent, in others a mass of proud flesh. Usually on picking the foot up and carefully examining between the digits, the horn is found more or less detached from the structure beneath, and hangs in small shreds. There is a deal of heat and swelling about the fetlock which has a tendency to proceed up the leg. In the majority of cases the animal will be very feverish, off its appetite, and doing badly. Milk cows in full profit have their yield often reduced more than half in consequence of the systematic disturbance. In the worst and neglected instances there will be bleeding from the raw surfaces, and the burrowing of matter may be so great as to cause detachment of nearly all the horn of the foot. Occasionally, ulceration proceeds to the extent of exposing the bones, and is attended with a vast degree of bodily suffering, and eventually the animal's death takes place.

Treatment.—Remove the animal to a dry shed. In some instances, put on a bare, dry floor without any litter at all. Examine the feet carefully, and remove all accumulated foreign substances. Pare away the detached portions of horn and give the matter free exit. To do this with comfort fasten up the head of the animal. To get at the fore limbs is not such a difficult matter—a rope being tied round the leg a little way above the fetlock, carried up over the animal's withers, and held by a strong assistant on the opposite side, is sufficient. The animal will struggle a little at first, but will yield in the end. With the hind limbs more assistance is necessary. The rope should be adjusted in a similar way, carried backwards and upwards over a convenient stout beam, and held by one man, while another on either side of the beast keeps him in position. Another plan is to pass a stout fork shaft between the hind legs, and an assistant on either side, while pressing upon the animal's quarters to keep him in position, firmly grasp the lever and hoists the limb up so that the operator can get fairly at the diseased foot. Having carefully cleaned the parts from all extraneous material, detached portions of horn must be removed, and where the raw surfaces are at all unhealthily looking, the point should be applied twice daily for two or three days. In a simple case a few dressings of carbolic oil, in conjunction with the poultices, are usually sufficient to bring about a cure. When the horn is overgrown and the foot becomes mis-shapen, as much as practicable must be taken off with either the drawing knife or a small saw, and the feet looked from time to time. Where proud flesh has sprung up, or a fungoid growth of horn exists, the same should be removed with a sharp knife, when a dressing of carbolic oil, or sulphate of copper ointment applied on tow, and maintained in position by a bandage, will arrest any little undue bleeding. The growth of fresh horn may be encouraged by butter of antimony applied now and again with a feather. Suppuration must always be encouraged until the discharge ceases entirely. All chance of foreign matter penetrating must be cut off. In the latter stage of recovery, when new horn has been formed, the swelling of the fetlock subsided, and the animal commences to walk more easily, tar ointment applied to the point will generally complete the cure. During the time that fever is present a good dose of Epsom salts should be administered and the animal be plentifully fed on succulent diet. With milk cows that have previously been at pasture, extra oil cake and good roots, or cut grass, will cause them to bring the quantity of milk gradually up to its ordinary standard. In those instances where the structures appear obstinate in healing, or in which a deal of ulceration has taken place, the hoof cast, and the bone vivify, it is better to keep the animal entirely in the sheds, make the best of it, and get him ready for the butcher without delay.—Frank Smith, M. R. C. V. S.

Cross-Breeding; Hybridization, Etc.

To the science of cross-breeding and hybridization are we indebted not only for our finest and most useful stock, but also for fine fruits, vegetables, flowers, and cereals. Inasmuch as nature does not hybridize or cross-breed her species under ordinary circumstances, and inasmuch as almost every individual plant in its wild state is inferior to those man has cross-bred and domesticated, there seems to be a wide field of improvement to be made by him. To some extent this field of improvement is already occupied. It seems to me to be only a beginning as yet. The apple of to-day—once the unsavory, distasteful sour crab of a century ago—is the leading fruit of the world. All honor to the art and science of man! The grape of 1883 has become the most delicate and beautiful fruit in existence! The time will come when our cereals in all respects will be as much better than they now are as they now are better than those of a hundred years ago. I think I can see a field open to a variety of corn that will be adapted to every locality and a wheat that will resist, under all ordinary conditions, all enemies superinduced by atmospheric influences; a garden in which there will be a tomato without a wrinkle or core; a potato subject to no diseases, of fine quality and a sure cropper; an orchard in which fruits of all kinds will be far superior to any we now have, and a lawn upon which will grow flowers that will equal any in the tropics for beauty and fragrance. All this I believe will be consummated on one condition, viz: that the farmer by careful selection shall keep his cereals from deterioration; that the gardener by observing the natural laws that govern vegetation shall keep his seed pure and improved; that the orchardist by systematic propagation of seedlings and cross-breeding shall keep the best quality to the front, and that the florist by an intermixture of species having the greatest number of valuable characteristics, shall keep in harmony all those changes in color that so pleasantly greet us everywhere. Had not a few such men as Wilder lived in the orchard; Pringle and Arnold among the cereals; Lillies, Gregory and Landreth among the vegetables, and Henderson, Vick and Parsons among the flowers, where, I ask, and in what condition would have been our wheat and corn, our apples and pears, our potatoes and beets, our roses and choicest flowers? We would certainly have been enjoying the products of the same old ideas entertained by our great-grand-fathers. Our best wheat would be still confined to the old bearded Mediterranean; our best corn would be the exhaustive and inferior one-earred maize of the American Indian; our best fruit the sour crab of Spitzbergen, the old red cherry, the cast-iron pear, the old Chickasaw plum and the poor, bitter, dried-up seedling peach; our best vegetables, a potato full of eyes and sap; beets long and coarse; carrots small and stringy; our best flowers the common single Marigold, the single Pink and the China Aster.

Some distinguished writer has stated that "hybridization takes place between two species of the same genus." Every variety of corn then is a hybrid, and the offspring coming from crossing one wheat upon another is a hybrid. I am not prepared to accept the statement as a fact. The same writer says: "Hybridization and cross-breeding are the same; but the former is not included in the latter." Crossing the Shorthorns upon the Jerseys, the Cochins upon the Dorkings, smooth wheats upon bearded, red roses upon white, is cross-breeding but by no means hybridization, inasmuch as the offspring are still cattle, chickens, wheats and roses, and, moreover, they are capable of reproduction. Now if the sheep is crossed upon the goat, the turkey upon the guinea, the muskellon upon the cucumber, the rye upon the wheat, the rose upon the cherry, the apple upon the pear, the offspring, if any, are hybrids, being neither sheep, nor goats, turkeys nor guineas, muskellons nor cucumbers, wheat nor rye, roses nor cherries, pears nor apples, and, moreover, they seldom if ever reproduce.

Exchange of Seed Corn. A gentleman who has been traveling through the Southern States which make corn-growing a specialty, for the purpose of studying the changes in the plant induced by climatic conditions, writes to the New York Tribune, saying that he finds that northern seed soil south, does, as claimed, sometimes produce heavier crops the first year than the ordinary deteriorated crops of the locality, and the ears are larger than those of the parent plant. The second year the ears are larger still, but coarser and less in number. About the third year the produce is very scant, poor in quality, the ears ten to thirteen inches long, and the stalks twice the height of the northern parent. A worthless variety is the result, and doubtless will be every time the experiment is made of sending northern Flint corn south for planting.

Mr. Libby believes that large-earred corn can only be cultivated successfully south of latitude 40 degrees, except only in specially favored localities, as in eastern Pennsylvania, New York or Long Island, where the summer line bends northward at the command of the gulf stream. The small cob varieties are better adapted to the north, as size of cob, to a large degree, determines the time of ripening, and the first essential for a variety of corn in the north is earliness. Mr. Libby found plenty of evidence that seed corn grown at the south and north cannot profitably be exchanged, but each section should produce its own.

A Delicious Appetizer. That ensures digestion and enjoyment of food; a tonic that brings strength to the weak and rest to the nervous; a harmless diarrhoea cure that don't constipate—just what every family needs—Parker's Ginger Tonic.

Cleanliness and purity make Parker's Hair Balsam the favorite for restoring the youthful color to gray hair.

THE MILD POWER CURES. HUMPHREY'S HOMOPATHIC SPECIFICS. In use 30 years.—Each number the special preparation of an eminent physician. The only Simple, Safe and Sure Remedies for the people. Price, 25 cents each. Sold by all Druggists. 1. Worms, Worm Fever, Worm Coughs. 2. Croup, Whooping Cough, Influenza. 3. Diarrhoea of Children or Adults. 4. Cholera, Cholera Infantum, Cholera Morbus. 5. Stomachic, Vomiting. 6. Neuralgia, Toothache, Jacobine. 7. Headaches, Sick Headaches, Vertigo. 8. Rheumatism, Gout, Gravel. 9. Suppressed or Painful Periods. 10. Dropsy, Dropsical Swellings. 11. Croup, Cough, Difficult Breathing. 12. Sore Throat, Sore Eyes, Sore Ears. 13. Rheumatism, Rheumatic Pains. 14. Fever and Ague, Chills, Fever, Ague. 15. Pleurisy, Lung or Bleeding. 16. Whooping Cough, violent coughs. 17. Phlegm, Cough, violent coughs. 18. Kidney Disease, Urinary Disorders. 19. Nervous Debility. 20. Nervous Weakness, Wetting the bed. 21. Disease of the Heart, Palpitation. 22. 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Horticultural.

GLIMPSES OF FOREIGN GARDENS.

[Read before the Michigan Horticultural Society by Rev. Charles F. Hubert, of Grand Rapids.]

"God Almighty first planted a garden, and indeed, it is the greatest refreshment to the spirit of man, without which build ings and palaces are but gross handy works; and a man shall see, that when ages grow to civility and elegance, men come to build stately, sooner than to garden finely; as if gardening were the greater perfection."—Bacon.

We go to the old world for fine gardens, as for the best architecture, sculpture and painting. We do this chiefly because it is an older world than ours, where the people have had more time, more leisure, and (except in our later days of railroad and bonanza kings) more wealth has been in the hands of individuals for the gratification of taste.

The useful precedes the ornamental. In a new country men must first have shelter, food and raiment—must give attention to those pursuits which serve their physical necessities before they can gain the wealth or leisure to cultivate the beautiful. Placed on a western prairie, with mouths to feed, the farmer and his good wife will think of plowing furrows and planting potatoes before building terraces and cultivating tuberoses. And it has been so the world over. To be sure, our Hebrew scripture begins by describing man in a garden, but modern scholarship has almost absolutely determined that this account is poetical instead of historical, and that the primitive condition of man must have been one of savagery, with its accompanying hardships and struggles. Attention to the beautiful came much later. The earliest authentic account of gardens—in Egypt, Babylon, and later in Rome—represent them as the play-grounds of kings, or of the nobility who had become possessors of the wealth and leisure necessary to gratify their tastes and luxurious desires. Thus it has happened that in the old world with its monarchies and ancient families, (with perhaps the aid of a more propitious climate than our own) so much attention has been paid to the ornamentation of grounds, and the extensive cultivation of flowers.

The "Glimpses" will be chiefly "a tale of two cities"—London and Paris. Seven and a half miles out of the former city, at Sydenham, is the well known Crystal Palace, the masterpiece of Sir Joseph Paxton. As the train approaches it glimmers of the rare structure are occasionally seen—its graceful, fragile proportions rising into view like a fairy scene; or you almost think that one of your wonderful castles in the air has become a reality. But to me it was mainly instructive on two points. Inside the building there are arranged for study all the different styles of architecture; and outside the two kinds of garden are represented in the Italian and English.

English landscape gardening, as it is known in distinction from the geometric or continental, is free, irregular in its lines, avoids set forms, and has gentle slopes and undulations. But the Italian garden here represents the continental style with its set figures, regular walks, and fountains and statuary interspersed. Three great terraces stretching along the front of the building are profusely ornamented. The first, 1,500 feet long, has twenty-six allegorical statues, as Thorwaldsen's Mercury, Canova's Venus and the Farnese Hercules. Below, on the grand terrace are flower vases. Intersecting these terraces is a walk 16 feet wide and 2,600 feet long, having on either side closely cut lawns relieved by beds of many colored flowers. The walks, terraces, steps, fountains, etc., are multiples and sub-multiples of the primary figure 8, like the palace itself, thus producing harmony of parts, but certain mechanical effects and affording a fair representation of the continental or geometric style of gardening.

The balance of the 300 acres unoccupied by buildings, with trees and winding paths and graceful slopes and views of distant hills for a background, gives a good idea of English landscape gardening, best illustrated at Kew. At the end of my notes, written on the evening of the day that I visited Kew, I find this sentence: "I came away feeling that I had been in a garden of Eden." Certainly I never was in a place that so well combined instruction and delight.

Kew Gardens formerly belonged to the royal family, but were relinquished to the public by the reigning queen, who has done so much for the people. They are under control of commissioners for woods and forests; and comprise in an irregular quadrilateral, 270 acres. They are directly under the charge of Sir William Hooker and his son, Dr. Hooker. Here, as with the British and South Kensington museums, the multitude of objects to be seen proves bewildering to the unprofessional visitor. Here are brought together vegetable productions from the four quarters of the earth. The gardens are of great value to the scientist, and one wishing to investigate a particular vegetable product here has every opportunity.

We must not neglect to mention the houses in the half-circle at the entrance, as a marked illustration of the influence of the garden horticulture on their inmates. Although, like most of the common houses in London and vicinity, they are dirty in appearance and destitute of architectural ornament, yet there is a profusion of flowers in their narrow garden beds, the windows are covered with vines. This is an uncommon in London, and is a forcible argument in behalf of horticulture as an educator of taste.

In the Kew grounds there are at least eight conservatories, full half of that number being of glass and iron solely. There are also three museums. In the latter, the visitor finds in perfect classification and arrangement, duly labelled and in ample space, an interminable variety of woods from all parts of the

world—including the Sequoias of California and the cedars of Lebanon. Here is also an equal variety of seeds, grains, grasses and bulbs—the East Indian portion being especially rich and full.

Chief among the glass structures is the "palm store," 392 feet long, 100 feet wide at the centre, and nearly 100 feet high at the highest point, with wings 50 feet long and 30 feet high. There is an interior gallery running along the central portion, 30 feet from the ground, and which enables the visitor to walk amid the foliage and tops of the tropical forest here gathered. This building is intended chiefly for palms from South America, Asia, Polynesia, Africa and the West Indies. Growing here are date trees, rearing their fronded branches to the very top of the structure, and bamboo canes as in their native glades, 70 feet high; bananas in all stages of growth; and the curious travelers' tree of Madagascar, with its sheathy base holding a quart of water—a substitute for wells in the desert. Walking amid the luxuriant growth, one needs only to hear the chatter of monkeys and the songs of birds to render complete the illusion of being in an actual tropical forest.

Near by is the old water lily house, containing the Egyptian papyrus and water lilies in great variety, with red, blue and white blossoms. Among these and prominent is the *Nymphaea Gigantica*, of eastern and northern Australia. It has large blue flowers, which measure twelve inches in diameter. Here are also several varieties of the Egyptian Lotus, including the sacred plant, which bears flowers somewhat larger than our common water lily, petals fewer, more pointed and tinted with a delicate blue. Here is also the Sacred Bean, which is represented on Egyptian monuments and is at present an emblem of sanctity to the Hindoos and Chinese.

Not far from the last named structure is the other water lily house, erected for the *Victoria Regia*. It was the work of Paxton and suggested to him the Crystal Palace, on a vastly larger scale. The main tank, 88x50, feet is occupied by the celebrated *Victoria Regia*, which covers nearly 1,800 square feet. The full grown leaves of this royal plant, which float on the water, are from six to seven feet in diameter, perfectly round, with a flange or turned up edge three or four inches deep. The flower, resembling our water lily, is over a foot across. In the wings of the same house are economic plants, such as india rubber, ginger, indigo, gamboge, cotton, nutmegs, etc. Here are also shown curious orchids, pitcher plants, capable of holding two quarts of water, and the Venus Fly-trap, the irritable lobes of whose leaves close upon each other when touched, and imprison the venturesome insect. Darwin says it will eat beefsteak.

We also noticed one large greenhouse called the Succulent House, and devoted entirely to cactuses from Mexico, Central America, Africa and the Canaries.

Temperate Fern House No. 3, is devoted to ferns of temperate climate, from the largest fronds to gossamers, and curious specimens of the climbing variety. Fern House No. 2 is chiefly filled with geraniums, verbenas and fuchsias—some of the latter running up 15 or 20 feet and forming perfect clusters of blossoms—while the arches of the structure are festooned with most lovely vines, redundant with flowers and fragrance.

The lawns in Kew are magnificent specimens of English gardening. Beds of flowers, lines of hedges and vines everywhere abound; while here is to be found every variety of tree that is grown in the temperate zone—the Turkish oak, the Irish elm, the California Sequoia, the Lombardy poplar; the cedar of Lebanon and the Michigan pine. All these trees are distinctly labeled in English as well as in Latin, for the benefit of the unprofessional as for the scientist.

It is one of the most delightful and instructive of pleasure grounds to stroll in; and before I leave it I must not omit to notice, in lieu of the abrupt legend—"keep off the grass"—usually posted in such places, special invitation to visitors to use the grass. Remembering that grass is one of the most blessed of nature's gifts and how much we often pay to look at it, the rational management at Kew would forever win my commendation.

Crossing the Channel to Paris, there we meet the geometric style of gardens, although of late years greatly modified. The garden of the *Tuileries* in the centre of the city is a good specimen. It is about 800 yards long and 350 wide, and quadrangular in form; and is a delightful place of resort for *bonnes*, children, invalids and pleasure seekers.

At the Rue *Tuileries* entrance, as one stands facing the garden, back of him to the south is the burnt out palace of the Bonapartes, with its tragic reminiscences of the Commune; to the rear of and connected with that is the famous Louvre, with its miles of pictures. On the right of him is the gay and busy Rue *Rivoli*, with its attractive shops, by night ablaze with light. On the left, a double row of plane trees skirts the garden and beyond is the Seine. Looking directly north along the centre of the garden, he sees at the lower end the Place de la Concorde, the noblest public square in the world, with its fountains, its groups of statuary, Cleopatra's needle in its centre on the very site of the deadly guillotine; while beyond, along the Champs Elysees looms the famous Arc de Triomphe. There is no more picturesque artificial setting for a garden than this.

Let him enter. On the right and left are grass plots with two circular basins ornamented with vases and marble statues—*Enceps* bearing his father from the plains of Troy, a Bacchante, Venus with a dove, Flora and Zephyr, the Nymph of Fontainebleau, and a bronze lion, finely executed. There is also a central basin beyond, and around it statues of Alexander the Great, Prometheus, a soldier fighting a lion, etc. At the west end of a fine grove where games are permitted, is an octagonal basin, 300 yards in circumference, with a fountain in the centre, and around statues of the seasons and river gods. The Allée des Orangers which skirts a terrace, has two rows of

orange trees in tubs, some of them 400 years old. Winding among the statues and fountains are paths lined with flowers, mostly geraniums, roses, lilies, dahlias, etc. Here you are struck with the great difference between the French and English manner of displaying flowers. There is much ribbon gardening in Great Britain, and designs of small plants in the form of mounds, stairs, etc., with blossoms and foliage plants of different shades and colors, and usually stone crop for the edge. But in Paris you see none of this set arrangement. Flowers are more irregularly, carelessly, naturally placed. The Parisians study striking effects. There will be great patches or long rows of flowers of brightest colors. The geranium is extensively used in floral decoration. In the garden of the Luxembourg—the only remaining example of the Renaissance in Paris—in the centre of this garden there is an immense circle, perhaps 200 feet in diameter, entirely of geraniums eight or ten feet deep, and composed of white, pink and scarlet colors. Inside this is a fountain consisting of a basin with a group of children. Then there are terraces ornamented with statues of queens. I never looked upon a more striking floral display than that brilliant circle of geraniums. Standing on the steps at the rear of the Trocadero, and looking toward the Champs de Mars, again one sees a similar display in long rows of geraniums 10 or 12 feet deep, and shading from a deep scarlet to the most delicate pink or white. This garden, with its rampart figures of a horse, steer, elephant and rhinoceros (grand specimens of sculpture) presents a most charming and exhilarating scene.

The celebrated Jardin des Plantes is a quadrilateral of 75 acres. A large part is given to natural history and a zoological garden. The botanic garden (of the Jardin des Plantes) has several subdivisions, spaces filled with aquatic, medicinal, indigenous and ornamental plants; besides a beautiful flower bed or pleasure garden on an eminence 80 feet high. But while there is an admirable classification of trees and plants here, it is vastly inferior to the garden at Kew, and the Londoner contemptuously contrasts its menagerie with his boasted "Zoo."

But there are seasons when Paris itself seems a flower garden. All along the streets and boulevards there are stalls where they are for sale, and window gardening is maintained on an extensive scale. I should fail to properly close this paper without mention of a beautiful extempore flower garden which is made in one locality twice a week. On Tuesdays and Fridays the flower women hold their market on the broad sidewalk against the Madeline church. On the right hand, as you wander through there is an extensive collection of flowers in pots, wrapped in delicate white paper, and sold so cheap that the poorest servant can purchase for her room; while on the left are cut flowers in great abundance and variety—bouquets, eighteen inches across, of Marechal Neil roses, being offered for five francs each.

THE STRAWBERRY CROP.

The very wet season has considerably shortened the strawberry crop in this vicinity. Still, on naturally dry or well drained land the injury has not been very serious. On wet or undrained soils, in some cases, we understand the crop has been nearly or quite ruined.

The Bidwell, Sharpless, Miner's Prolific, and Champion, have given very good returns; while the Crescent has fairly outdone everything else; producing fully twice as much as Wilson's of the same planting, in adjacent rows; thus giving a good illustration of the profitability of narrow row, or hill culture.

Raspberries are now in season; and will be a fine crop, except where planted on lands lacking drainage; where in some cases the fruit only, but even the plants also, are nearly or quite ruined.

It seems probable that many peach trees, on unsuitable soils, have dropped their fruit; and in some cases suffered severe if not fatal injury from this cause.

THE STRAWBERRY CROP.

The date is the fruit of the *Pennis setacea*, the Bylandt Djerid of the Arabs. The palm date has a naked and cylindrical stem; it grows in Asia and in certain provinces of Africa, and is abundantly used by the natives, and is as indispensable to them as the cocoanut to the savages of Oceania.

The flowers of the date are inclosed in a long spathe and change into an oblong fleshy fruit, yellow in color, of which the thick skin is readily preserved by drying. It incloses a cylindrical, deep furrowed nut, hard and corneous, which contains an oily and sugary substance. Each date tree carries a variable number of clusters, and these in maturity attain a length of about a meter, and a weight of ten or twelve kilograms. When the fruit is to be preserved, it is gathered before reaching maturity and dried in the sun. Their cultivation requires fresh water and a hot sun. There are more than thirty varieties of dates, among which the male date, *dakkar*, or *menakker*, is pre eminent.

These varieties have the same botanical characters, their trunks resemble underground stems of ferns, their leaves are pinnate and luxuriant. Dates are planted in two different ways; the first consists in sowing the seed and transplanting the tender shoots at proper intervals, the second in planting the young buds which appear at the foot of the adult tree or grow from the axils of the leaves.

The palms and their congeners belong to the warm regions of the earth; they are found in India, Persia, etc. In Europe their sole representatives are the *Chamaerops humilis*, and the cultivated date palm, whose fruit does not ripen naturally. The date is common in Spain, where it is cultivated upon a great scale for its fruit. The tree grows extensively in Provence; there are numbers at San Remo, at Bordighiera, and in their vicinity; they are cultivated principally for their palms, which are bleached and which are also sent to Rome and through

out Italy, to be used in processions through Holy Week. The Jews also use them at the festival of the Passover.

The gathering of the dates takes place in autumn, two or three times, and is over in three months. They are divided into three sorts, according to their state of maturity. Exposed to the sun upon mats they become at first soft, then fill with a juicy pulp, then thicken and are no longer liable to change. The best dates come from Africa by the way of Tunis; they are as large as a finger and of an orange hue; their flesh is solid, vinous in taste, sweet, and somewhat viscous; they contain a nutritive principle helpful to horses, used on long journeys, and also useful in fattening cattle. The fruit is softened by boiling in water, and goat's milk is added. The Arabs in their pilgrimages across the desert make a species of bread from them, and use the pulp, extracted by pressure in earthenware colanders, for butter and sugar.

Thinning Plants.

Among the numerous duties which the gardener is called upon to perform, there are few more important than the judicious thinning of plants, yet important as it is the work is often delayed or not half done; this is because, to many, it is a very disagreeable work to do. When the plants are small, which is the time to thin, it seems like a waste of land to leave the plants as far apart as they ought to be, so they are often left to stand twice as thick as they ought to be. The gardener makes an effort to leave the largest and pull out the smallest, but he no sooner gets a plant out of the ground than it appears to him that he has pulled up the largest and left the smallest, thus keeping up a constant irritation, which no doubt is increased by the frequent sharp pains that shoot down the spinal column to remind him that the position he is obliged to assume to do the work properly is not a natural one.

Among the difficult plants to be thinned may be named the beet. The seeds of this plant are so constructed that there are often two or three plants that come from what appears to be only one seed; these plants come up so near each other that the leaves intertwine, thus making it difficult to remove one without removing them all, but unless they are thinned to one plant in a place, the crop will not be satisfactory, especially if they are early beets for the table. Carrots are also somewhat difficult to thin, though if taken when small are not as bad as beets. Onions are not quite as bad as many other plants, nor is it so important to have them thinned if the land is very rich. Squashes, cucumbers, and melons, need thinning quite as much as any other plants, and although it is but little labor to do it, it requires more of an ordinary amount of courage to do it properly, especially the squashes, which ought to be thinned out to three in a hill. Those who have not already thinned the plants in the garden should lose no time in doing so.—*Mass. Ploughman.*

Fruit Under Ground.

As the statement that fruit, peas, and some other vegetables can be kept without damage by "packing in boxes, covering tightly and burying below frost and where water cannot settle into the box," is going the rounds of the press again, we give the following from the *German-town Telegraph*:

We have not the slightest faith in the recommendation that grapes can be kept in this manner. There is absurdity on the very face of this. Water may not settle into the box, but moisture certainly will, and one is about as destructive as the other. What do we want better than the easy, cheap, simple boxing, which is now so successfully pursued?

Some years ago we tried this method as we have before said, with our late pears, and failed utterly. The pears were without imperfections. Each specimen was carefully wrapped up in paper, and packed in dry, tight boxes, plenty of extra paper being placed at the sides and at the top and bottom. The lids were nailed down. The boxes were buried in high, dry ground below the frost. About Christmas, when there was little frost, wishing to see how the experiment was turning out, one of the boxes was taken up and examined. The contents were as wet as though they had been exposed to a rain, when the lid was removed, and our hopes accordingly received a damper. We set to work to unwrap the pears, and when the job was finished there was not a single sound one to be found—they were all either entirely rotten or partially so. The two remaining boxes were then exhumed and examined, and they proved to be no better. In all these boxes there was not one sound pear, and this only the last week in December. We made a similar statement to this at the time. Grapes, we are confident, would share the same fate.

Horticultural Notes.

The first raspberry to ripen on the Rural New Yorker Experiment Grounds was the Hansell, June 24th.

The Rural New Yorker now says Fay's Prolific currant, is all it is said to be. The fruit is as large as that of the Cherry currant while the racemes are longer, and ripen one week before the old Red Dutch.

A. M. WILLIAMS, in the Orange County (N. Y.) Farmer says the best remedy for pear blight consists in cutting off any on the tree as it appears; the trouble is everywhere the removal of the affected part is too long delayed. He says he is well convinced that where there is sufficient vigilance, there will be but little loss with the blight.

If you wish to propagate a hardy shrub that does not sprout from the roots, the way to do it is by layering. Select a slender, low-growing branch, strip off all but the terminal leaves, bend it down and fasten it against the ground and cover with earth. From the leaf nodes tiny rootlets will start and a new plant form, which when well rooted can be severed from the bush.

The results of Dr. Penhallow's researches and experiments on the subject of peach yellows, made at Houghton Farm, incline him to the opinion that the disease is not caused primarily by fungi or parasitic plants, although they may accompany it, and aggravate it by

their attacks on the plant weakened by disease; nor is it caused by too much dampness or heat in the atmosphere, nor by excessive drouth, nor by unseasonable frosts or excessive winter cold, nor by want of proper drainage in the soil, nor by the use of fermentable stable manure. The primary cause he considers to be a deficiency in the soil of certain food constituents, especially potash and chlorine, which are supplied in the well known German potash salt, muriate of potash.

BEN PERLEY POORE says in the *American Cultivator*: "Plants should never be watered in the heat of the day in hot weather, nor in the evening when there is any danger of frost. When sunshine long continued, says Darwin, has stimulated the plant into violent action, if that stimulus of heat be suddenly diminished by the affusion of cold water, or by its sudden evaporation, death ensues, exactly as it has frequently happened to those who have bathed in cold spring water after having been heated by violent and continued exercise on a hot day. Very lately in this city some very precious plants, by accident, were not watered early in the morning, but at eleven o'clock, when the pots and the earth were much heated; the consequence was the sudden death of six out of eleven of them."

The *German-town Telegraph* says it is not generally as widely known as it should be that asparagus beds may be set out in mid-summer, and will do very well if properly done. Select new plants in the old beds, which have sprouted since spring from last year's seeds, and plant in beds of deep, rich soil, of course removing all the tops and setting the roots three inches below the surface. Be very careful to prevent the roots from drying while transplanting. Set two feet six inches each way, and when the place or hole is made for the roots, fill with water, and let it alone for a couple of hours for the water to soak away, and then plant. On taking up the young plants they should be put in a pan of water, and taken from the pan one by one as they are set in the holes thus prepared, pressing them in firmly, in order that they may take instant hold of the soil and go on growing, as they will, with scarcely any delay. Asparagus roots thus set will yield sprouts for cutting one year from the ensuing spring.

Sparkling Eyes,
Rosy cheeks, and clear complexion only accompany good health. Parker's Ginger Tonic, better than anything, makes pure, rich blood, and brings health, joyous spirits, strength and beauty. Ladies, try it.—*Bazaar.*

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

ZOA-PHONA
Began life 12 years ago under the name of WOMAN'S FRIEND.

Without puffery, simply on the good words of those who have used it, it has made friends in every State in the Union.

NOT A CURE ALL
But a gentle and sure remedy for all those complaints (no naming needed), which destroy the freshness and beauty, waste the strength, mar the happiness and usefulness of many.

Girls and Women.
Testimonials bearing witness to my Pamphlet on "Diseases of Women and Children" sent gratis. Every woman, especially Mothers, should read free by mail. Don't delay a moment. Revision is better than cure. L. S. JOHNSON & CO., BOSTON, MASS.

R. PENNELL, M. D., KALAMAZOO, MICH.

The only known specific for Epileptic Fits. Also for Spasms and Falling Sickness. Nervous Weakness it instantly relieves and cures. Cleanses blood and quickens sluggish circulation. Nervous blood and quickens sluggish circulation. Nervous blood and quickens sluggish circulation. Nervous blood and quickens sluggish circulation.

A SKEPTIC SAID
ugly blotches and stubborn blood sores. Eliminates all impurities from the system. Permanently and promptly cures paralysis. Yes, it is a charming and healthful Aperient. Kills Scrofula and King's Evil, twin brothers. Changes bad blood to good, removes the cause. Bonts bilious tendencies and makes clear complexion. Equally by none in the delirium of fever. A charming restorative and a matchless laxative. It drives Sick Headache like the wind. Contains no drastic cathartic or opiates. Relieves

SAMARITAN NERVEINE
ing the cause. Bonts bilious tendencies and makes clear complexion. Equally by none in the delirium of fever. A charming restorative and a matchless laxative. It drives Sick Headache like the wind. Contains no drastic cathartic or opiates. Relieves

THE GREAT NERVE CONQUEROR
the brain of morbid fancies. Promptly cures Rheumatism by restoring the Bonts life-giving properties to the blood. In guaranteed to cure all nervous disorders. "Reliable when all opiates fail. Restores the mind and invigorates the body. Cures dyspepsia or money refunded.

NEVER FAILS
Diseases of the blood cured by a conqueror. Endorsed by leading medical authorities, and by all citizens, clergymen and physicians in U. S. and Europe. For sale by all leading druggists. \$1.20. (15) For Testimonials and circulars send stamp.

DR. S. A. RICHMOND MED. CO. ST. JOSEPH, MO.
Beware of cheap imitations and rates of fare all ways as low as competitors that offer less advantages. For detailed information, get our maps and Fold-out. **GREAT ROCK ISLAND ROUTE.** At your nearest Ticket Office, or address R. R. CABLE, E. ST. JOHN, Mo. R. R. CABLE, E. ST. JOHN, Mo. R. R. CABLE, E. ST. JOHN, Mo.

DR. J. W. KERMOTT'S
STRICTLY VEGETABLE
ACT WITHOUT PAIN.

MANDRAKE PILLS,
CURE Sick-Headache, Dyspepsia, Liver Complaint, Indigestion, Constipation, and PURIFY THE BLOOD.

NOTICE.—Without a particle of doubt, Kermott's Pills are the most popular of any on the market. Having been before the public for a quarter of a century, and having always performed more than our widest promise, we have now, at a special price, offered them to the public. Price, 25c. per box. For sale by all druggists.

\$72 A WEEK. \$12 a day at home made. Costly outfit free. Address Taux & Co., Augusta, Me.

40 Gold Silver Chromo Cards. 20 alike, with name and address, Geo. L. Reed & Co., Nassau, N. Y.

50 New and very choice Chromo Cards. name on 10 sample book. See from Printer's, New York, 111.

50 Splendid Latest Style Chromo Cards. name, 10 sample book. See from Printer's, New York, 111.

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A man named Cooley was killed on the Flint & Pere Marquette road last week. He was traveling in a car loaded with lumber, and the train broke in two, and the concussion produced by the two parts coming together again, tipped over the pile of lumber, and he was killed. The dead body of Mr. Cooley was found.

Calvin Hall, Franklin Wright and W. D. Edmunds, confined in Tuscola County jail, made their escape on the 19th, and \$500 is offered for their capture. An iron bar was furnished by outside parties, and the men were working on the bars, and the bars were broken, and the men were released.

Holly Advertiser: Children playing on the turntable of the F. & P. M. road at this place managed to get it loose so it would turn, and the turntable rolled over the lever. A 12-year-old girl named Alice Phillips had her legs caught between the turntable and the lever, and the turntable rolled over her, and she was killed.

Shedell's brewery at Cape Vincent, N. Y., burned on the 10th. Loss \$150,000.

The Ontario government will grant \$5,000 for flood sufferers at London.

A fruit canning firm at Sacramento, Cal., has this year put up 240,000 cases of strawberries.

A fire in Brooklyn on the 15th destroyed Woodworth's paint factory, causing a loss of \$20,000.

Chief Justice Waite was thrown from his pony while riding in Yellowstone park, and badly injured.

At Vera Cruz, Mexico, there have been 490 deaths from yellow fever, up to the 19th of the current month.

The Indianapolis rolling mill is being enlarged so that it will be able to manufacture 600 tons of steel a week.

The second annual exhibition of the national mining and industrial exposition opened at Denver, Col., last week.

Salina, Ala., has 60 artesian wells, and the strange part of the story is, that the water of none of them is exactly alike.

The will of Louis C. Hamersley, of New York, devising an estate of \$700,000, is to be contested—a rich plum for the lawyers.

A large powder tank, three miles southeast of Cleveland, exploded on the 17th, shattering windows for miles around. No one killed.

The \$80,000 in securities brought to Boston by the absconding Canon Bernard have been turned over to the Belgian ministry of police.

It is said that the Chinese doctor of a Chinese newspaper publisher in New York, who had been charged with the murder of a man, had been released.

Col. J. B. Culver, mayor and commission merchant of Duluth, Minn., died in a barber's chair while being shaved at Buffalo, last week.

John B. McCullough, managing editor of the St. Louis Globe Democrat is reported to be dying from nervous debility, caused by overwork.

Exports of provisions, tallow and dairy products for the six months ended June 30, 1883, were \$23,515,437, against \$20,798,100 the same time in 1882.

Patt will travel in a palace car the coming season, which is to be built expressly for her use, will be upholstered in satin and cost \$35,000.

The Buffalo Sengferfest was not a financial success. The subscribers to the fund, which was to have been from 25 to 30 per cent of the fund.

Two new Cunarders have been ordered for the line between New York and Liverpool. Each vessel will be of 5,000 tons burthen, 15,000 horse power.

Dr. Brown-Segard is reported to have discovered an anesthetic which destroys sensibility, but not consciousness or physical activity, for a day or more.

Fifteen thousand cigar-makers are on strike in New York city, and do not propose to give up till the manufacturers' union or the progressive union is broken up.

A little boy named Zimmer, of Milwaukee, hid in the grass in front of his father's moving machine, to surprise him, and was run over and one leg cut off.

The grand new hotel at Monmouth Springs, Yellowstone park, was completed last week. It will accommodate 500 guests, and is stocked with \$20,000 worth of furniture.

A train at Knoxville, Tenn., last week ran through an open switch, into a train of flatcars, demolishing the engine, mail and express cars, and killing the engineer.

Last week near Allegheny City, Pa., Charles Smith shot G. W. Langhite, who had been engaged to his sister for several years, and had recently broken the engagement without an explanation.

The New Orleans board of health will not, under any circumstances, allow a vessel that has or has had cholera or yellow fever on board, or any person from such vessel, to approach that city.

The receipts of the great Brooklyn bridge have fallen from \$10,000 to \$2,500 a week, while the cost of maintenance is much greater than was estimated. Financially it is a tremendous failure.

Two thousand employees at the Bessemer steel works, at Chicago, have struck because they refused to change work by the day to work by the ton. The officers claim that the advance asked is about 100 per cent.

Rev. Mr. Shaw, acting U. S. consul at Monterey, was beaten into unconsciousness by a Mexican mob and his remains were buried in a shallow grave last week. Consul Campbell was officially notified of the outrage.

The majority and minority reports of the committee of investigation in the Tewksbury almshouse case, have been submitted to the Massachusetts Legislature. They aggregate 27 volumes of "solid" matter.

Two sons of Mr. Lord, 13 and 15, and a son of Mrs. Merchand, aged 16, were drowned on the 16th, while bathing in Lake Ontario. Mrs. Merchand's husband and two sons were burned to death a short time ago.

Gor, Hamilton, of Illinois, refuses to pardon Chas. W. Angel, who embezzled many thousands of dollars from the Pullman palace car company at Chicago in 1879, gave himself up in Portugal, and returned \$80,000.

At Clarksville, Va., last week, Mr. Russell, feeling aggrieved at personal remarks by G. W. R. Averitt, challenged the latter to a mortal combat, and placed in a critical condition.

A fearful explosion occurred at Kutztown, near Reading, Pa., on the 17th by which eight boilers of an anthracite furnace exploded, and killed the building in ruins. One man was killed and several injured badly.

The United States steamer Pinta, on which over \$100,000 was recently expended, started from Norfolk to New York last week, and ran at the rate of six knots an hour as far as Hampton, and then had to return for repairs to her machinery.

One of the largest animal skeletons ever examined was found in the township of Manlius, near Syracuse, N. Y., last week, in a gravel pit. The animal must have been fully 14 feet high, and weighed a third more than Jumbo.

Rev. Stephen H. Tyng, Sr., once prominent in religious circles, and whose golden wedding was celebrated last week, is a mental and physical wreck, being under the delusion that he still has charge of a church, and also led away by his little grandchild.

At noon of the 19th fully three-fourths of all the telegraph operators at all commercial centers dropped their keys and left the offices. They demand that eight hours shall be a day's work, and seven hours a night's work, and also want an increase of 15 per cent on present wages. The offices have been working short-handed, some help having been received from outside.

Two towns of Illinois contracted with a Pittsburgh iron company to build a bridge over the Illinois river within their jurisdiction.

Courts decided the town were not liable for the value of the bridge, and another court decided that if the contractors could not have the money they could claim the bridge, and unless the towns pay for it within ninety days, the company will remove it.

A Joliet, Ill., barbed wire firm has been enjoined from manufacturing any more barbed wire fence this year. The company works under a license from the Washburn & Moen manufacturing company, the great barbed wire monopolists of Massachusetts, which permits it to use but 22 machines and manufacture but 22,000 tons of barbed wire a year. The Washburn & Moen company claim that the Joliet company has already manufactured more than that this year, and has sued for damages.

Foreign.

Heavy storms of hail and rain throughout Northern Italy have caused immense damage to crops.

The German Emperor Augusta has been attacked with partial paralysis and her condition is precarious.

It is said that cholera has disappeared at Port Said, but is increasing at Alexandria. The disease has spread to 10 towns.

The international military rifle match opened at Wimbledon, England, on the 9th. The first day the Americans led the score for the first and third range of 300 and 600 yards respectively.

There are great floods in the Valley of the upper Rhine, especially on the Swiss border, but in the mountains. Scrods of houses and bridges and miles of railroad track have been swept away.

French capitalists have offered De Lesseps \$1,000,000 to dig a new canal or widen the present one. The British Cabinet will send Sir Chas. Rivers Wilson to Paris immediately, to see De Lesseps about canal matters.

There are now being built in England 784 iron or steel vessels, with an aggregate tonnage of over 1,000,000 tons. In 1879 only three percent of the metal vessels built were of steel, while of those now in process of construction about one fifth are of steel.

Strength for Mind and Body.

There is more strength restoring power in a bottle of Parker's Ginger Tonic than in a bushel of malt or a gallon of milk. This explains why invalids find it such a wonderful invigorant for mind and body.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

Strawberry Plants

FOR SUMMER PLANTING.

Will be potted to order, and will be sent by express as soon as well rooted, which will require two or three weeks. Potted plants cannot be sent by mail. The waste of unrooted plants in potted during the growing season is so great that we are compelled to charge an increased price for such.

We therefore add one to our List Prices of the more common varieties. Of nearly all the newer and rarer varieties we have a supply of plants, and the prices of these are variable and uncertain from season to season, that we can only offer to supply them at the same price as other trustworthy growers, and lists of varieties wanted are sent us, and opportunity afforded to price them, we do not think that we will be able to meet all reasonable expectations.

No charge will be made for packing or delivery at Express office.

Our regular Fall and Spring Price List will appear about October 1st, and will be free to all applicants. Before and after that time, plants will be furnished at regular price list rates.

Black Cap "Tops" mature so late that we do not dig them till June 1st, and we do not advise that they be planted in the fall in ordinary cases. Other Raspberries, as well as Black Currants, Gooseberries, Grapes, and Strawberries, with proper care, be planted to advantage in the fall, especially in the more Southern States.

We invite correspondence as to selection of varieties and modes of management.

T. T. LYON,

South Haven, Mich.

When in Detroit and Looking for

CARPETS,

CURTAINS,

Furniture Coverings

ABBOT & KETCHUM,

have the Largest Stock and Best Variety in the State.

A special purchase of

3 1/2 yards long, from \$1.35 per yard worth \$2.00 per yard.

Agents for the "STANDARD" and "AURORA" Carpet Sweeper.

ABBOT & KETCHUM,

141 Woodward Avenue,

DETROIT, MICH.

DEAR SIR:—The specimen of Refuse Salt you forwarded me from Bay City has been analyzed and gives the following result:

Chloride of Sodium..... \$7.74 per cent.

Chloride of Potassium..... 2.49

Chloride of Lime..... 40

Carbonate of Magnesia..... 35

Water..... 37

Chloride of Iron..... 6.38

Fine Salt of the salt works consists essentially of Chloride of Sodium, but contains a very small amount of salts of lime and magnesium, and only traces of Chloride of Potassium and Oxide of Iron. For manure purposes the Refuse Salt is more valuable, as it contains nearly two and a half per cent of Potash, which is one of the essential elements in the soil of all land plants. The soluble amount of Lime and Magnesia Salts also make it more valuable as manure than pure salt would be. For manure purposes, therefore, your Refuse Salt is more valuable than pure common salt, because it contains enough Chloride of Sodium, and in addition compounds of potash, lime and magnesium, which are all valuable in plant growth.

Prof. Fitch, Agricultural College, Bay City

E. S. FITCH, Fertilizing Salt, Bay City

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

Potato Bug Poison.

TRADE MARK.

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NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

Poetry.

LULLABY.

"Rockaby Baby, thy cradle is green;
Father's a nobleman, Mother's a queen."
Rockaby, lullaby all the day long,
Down to the land of the lullaby song.
Baby land never again will be thine,
Land of all mystery, joy, and divine,
Motherland, Otheland,
Wonderland, Underland,
Land of a time never again to be seen:
Flowerland, Bowland,
Airyland, Fairyland,
Rockaby Baby, thy cradle is green.

Rockaby Baby, thy mother will keep
Gentle watch over thine azure-eyed sleep.
Baby can't feel what the mother-heart knows
Throbbing its fear of your quiet repose:
Mother-heart knows how Baby must fight
Wearily on through the fast-coming night:
Battle unending,
Honor defending,
Baby must wage with the powers unseen.
Sleep, now, oh Baby dear,
God and thy Mother near;
Rockaby Baby, thy cradle is green.

Rockaby Baby, the days will grow long;
Silent the voice of the mother-love song.
Bowed with some burden, the man-life must own,
Sorrows that Baby must bear all alone,
Wonderland never can come back again;
Thought will come soon—and with reason comes pain.

Sorrowland, Morrowland,
Drearyland, Wearyland,
Baby and Heavenland lying between:
Smile, then, in Motherland,
Dream in the Otheland.
Rockaby Baby, thy cradle is green.
—From the German.

MORNING.

O, he lightly swings his gleaming scythe
Down in the fragrant clover,
And he hums a gay refrain the while
As he turns the winnowing over;
And his heart beats time to the old love rhyme—
The song of a happy lover.

The cool wind fans his sun-browned cheek,
Then rustles the rustling grasses
That softly bend their graceful heads
To every breeze that passes,
And a whirling cloud of locusts looms
Springs up from the scented masses.

He notes the timid meadow lark
Above her low nest hover,
And gently lifts his scythe to leave
The grass uncut above;
And the live-long day his heart is gay
As the heart of a happy lover.

For walking home with Kate last night,
When the stars were softly shining,
He told the love he long had known,
His arm he waist entwining;
And he knew the bliss of love's first kiss,
Last night when the stars were shining.

And so he hums an old love tune,
As he lightly cuts the clover,
And his dark eyes shine with a tender light,
While he cons the sweet scene over;
And the live-long day his heart is gay
'Tis the heart of a happy lover.

POSSESSION.

A Poet loved a Star,
And to it whispered nightly,
"Being so fair, why art thou, love, so far?
Or why so coldly shun, who shin'st so brightly?"
O Beauty wooed and unpossessed!
Oh, might I to this beating breast
But clasp thee once, and then die blest!

That Star her Poet's love,
So wildly warm, made human;
And leaving, for his sake, her heaven above,
His Star stooped earthward, and became a Woman.

"Thou who has wooed and hast possessed,
My lover, answer: Which was best?
The Star's beam or the Woman's breast?"

"I miss from heaven," the man replied,
"A light that drew my spirit to it."
And to the man the woman sighed,
"I miss from earth a poet."

—Lord Lytton.

Miscellaneous.

HORSE AND RIDER.

I do not often indulge in reminiscences of my life as a circus performer, for I find that society looks at me a little askance when the fact of my once having been a professional is mentioned. Mrs. Grundy is nothing if not conservative; and the world prefers to rate me as I am, a well-to-do man of business, than take account of the erratic days of my youth.

A few days since, however, I took my five years old son to the enchanted tent where were made real to him all the wonders which the flaming posters had hinted at for weeks, distending his eyes by day and filling his dreams by night. I found my chief enjoyment in watching the little man's delight; but the well-remembered sights and sounds, the jokes of the clown, the crack of the ring-master's whip, the grimaces and postures of the riders, brought vividly to my mind old days. I recalled the zest with which I had entered that fairy-land upon which my son now gazed with joy and envy. I reflected how soon I found its gold tinsel, its play work, its shows shams. More vividly than all I remembered an episode which has always so impressed me that I am now writing it down in the hope that others may also find it interesting.

It is unnecessary to dwell at any length upon the events which brought me into the ring. Suffice it to say that the early death of my mother was quickly followed by the breaking up of our home and my installation in a boarding school. Thence, after acquiring rather unusual skill in gymnastics, I made my escape, and joined a travelling company six months before the time fixed for my entering college.

Here I was naturally more closely associated with the gymnasts from whom I learned my profession and with whom I acted. They were not unconvivial companions. These men are generally superior to their companions in the ring. They are usually of fair education, often graduates from city high-schools; and persons of well-balanced character. All of the four with whom I was associated in "Brack and Middle's Great World's Circus" came afterwards to hold respectable positions in society.

I was eighteen; well-developed for my age, and full of zest for my profession. My time and strength were so fully monopolized by my work as to prevent my fretting against the strict rules which governed us, and after a few fines for trivial offences, such as leaving the dress-

ing-room without a coat, or appearing in the ring with a spot on my costume, I moved in my routine without unnecessary friction.

A travelling circus is always governed by stringent rules, and Brack and Middle's was rather exceptional for the stringency of its discipline. This fact, with the exhaustive physical strain put upon the performers, makes infrequent the intrigues such as so often arise in theatrical troupes. I had not, however, been long under the canvas before I discovered that our company was divided by the claims of the two principal lady riders. The elder of these, known to the public as Madame Darilla, but bearing in private life the name of Traque, was a swarthy skinned Spaniard. She was one of the ugliest women I ever beheld, and her expression when about to make a leap in the ring was almost fiendish. Even when, the feat safely accomplished, her features relaxed into the stereotyped smile, her ugliness was remarkable. She was blessed with a thriving pair of black mustachios, and between the subject of these and of her husband she devoted much energy, with the more marked success, it may be noted, in the latter.

The other rider, Fanny Meager, the Signora Muscatella of the posters, was a graceful, pleasant-faced girl of three and twenty. She rode better than madame, and nothing but a somewhat haughty manner prevented her having in her favor the entire troupe. As it was, she was apt to have the larger following in the disputes which continually arose between herself and Madame Traque. For myself, I was of her party from the first. Love-making is reduced to its minimum in a circus troupe. The strict regulations, the arduous duties, the habitual self control which is part of the necessary training for the performers, all tend to make amatory episodes rare. The female riders are generally strong-willed, often masculine in mould; and necessity, for principle, makes their lives as a rule irreproachable. It never for an instant occurred to me to fall in love with Fanny Meager. I had indeed too much hard work on hand to make love to anybody; for love has no surer cure than labor. I was only Signora Muscatella's devoted cavalier, with no thought or wish than to do her such service as lay in my power.

Each of the rival ladies, as is customary, owned the horse she rode. Madame owned three black horses, upon one of which she did her bare-back acts. Traque herself, a villainous, beetle-browed Portuguese, was on a salary of a hundred dollars a month as holder of objects. He held banners, hoops and the like for the riders, a business requiring no little skill and care. He looked personally after his wife's horses, always superintending their grooming and feeding.

Fanny Meager owned a couple of splendid horses, one of which, a noble, cream-colored fellow we always spoke of as the signora's horse, she called Crepido, and the two were a sight worth seeing. Every female rider has some male attendant, either father, brother or husband, and Miss Meager never travelled without her father. The latter gave his personal care to the horses, but before and after every performance his daughter herself visited Crepido. The horse expected her, and as the time of her coming approached he manifested every sign of impatience, arching his neck when at last he heard her step, and putting his pink nostrils against her cheek when she came. He would never lie down for the night until she had visited him, and any delay in her coming made him uneasy and anxious. The love between Crepido and his mistress was as warm as it could have been between two human beings. If they were fortunate in their acts and warmly applauded, the two congratulated each other very happily and heartily. Fanny fed the horse with sugar, which he took daintily from her fingers, his eyes shining and his ears pricked up. If matters went ill, it was to Crepido that the signora went for comfort, and once when some ruffian had insulted her I saw her sobbing against the horse's neck as if her heart would break, while the generous animal whinnied and rubbed his nose wistfully against his mistress, no less distressed than she.

I had been on the circuit a couple of months when the jealousy of Madame Traque broke into open flame. Fanny was always the more skillful rider, and an accident which happened to Madame rendered the latter timid and increased the difference. Women, as a rule, are better riders than men, until they meet with a mishap, because more fearless. They seem to have no realization of danger except through painful experience. When once a female rider has fallen, however she is ever after timid. Madame Darilla was doing one evening her "drum act," leaping through a bass drum with paper heads, when a loosened lock of her hair caught in one of the hoops. She came to the ground, barely escaping her horse's heels. The horror of the audience was intense, but Madame was fortunately little injured. Under the excitement of the moment she remounted her horse and repeated her act, this time successfully. The beholders applauded to the echo, but the rider could never again summon courage to attempt the "drum act," and in all her riding showed the effect of her fright. She became more cautious in her leaps, shunning everything which looked dangerous. The manager reasoned with her, and her husband swore and scolded, but nothing would induce Madame to continue the "Acte de Tambour," as the bills styled her discarded feat. This was accordingly added to the role of Miss Meager, a corresponding addition being made in her salary by a deduction from Madame's.

From that time the Spanish woman, always Fanny's enemy, became furious against her. I, who was devoted afar off to the Signora, found myself keeping a close watch upon Traque, whose black looks towards Fanny showed how surely his wife was making him ready to aid in her revenge, and boded little good to the successful rider. Nor did we wait long before the first move was made.

One afternoon while we were playing in a village in Maine, I chanced to be in the horses' dressing room when the band

struck up "Beautiful Blue Danube," the music which always accompanied "Signora Muscatella's Classic Principal Act." Fanny patted Crepido's creamy neck and darted up the entrance into the ring, while the horse plunged and struggled against Mr. Meager's hold. The signora began her "Classic Principal Act" by springing upon the back of her horse as he entered the ring. As she ran out of the horses' dressing room, some fortunate inspiration made me lay my hand upon Crepido's back.

"Hold on, for God's sake!" I shouted, springing to his head just in time to seize the headstall as Mr. Meager relaxed his hold. "Hold on! Something's wrong!"

In preparing the horses for the ring it is necessary to powder their backs thickly with pulverized resin, to prevent the feet of the rider from slipping. In passing my hand over Crepido, I instantly detected that some slippery substance had been substituted for this. All trained horses recognize instantly the music which accompanies their act, and are as eager to reach the ring as a war-horse, hearing the trumpets, is to join the battle. Crepido strained and reared so that all my strength was required to restrain him.

"Stop that music," I cried. "I can't hold him! Call Miss Meager back!" As I spoke the horse broke from me and sprang toward the ring. Mr. Meager and one of the grooms attempted, vainly, to stop him. They did, however, check him an instant, so that I had time to dash to the entrance of the ring, where the signora was standing, ready to spring up on the horse. I caught her wrist just as Crepido came thundering past, arching his beautiful neck and distending his peachy nostrils.

There was an oath from the ring-master, a buzz among the audience, but Fanny was saved. To have leaped upon Crepido's back, covered, as it proved, with powdered soapstone, would have resulted in a fall, dangerous, if not fatal.

It may be readily understood that the company under the canvas that night was a sufficiently excited one. No member of the troupe doubted that the Traques were, somehow, at the bottom of the dastardly attempt, although it was not possible to trace it to them. The affair had been cleverly managed, and the villain had covered his tracks closely. The dredging boxes which were used for Crepido had been filled and left in their usual places, but when, or how, no man could say but who he did it. The Traques were more and more openly shunned by the entire company, and on their part concealed less and less their hatred towards Miss Meager.

The season was drawing to its close, and "Brack and Middle's Great World Circus," after an unusually successful season, had but half a dozen engagements to play. The autumn rains were beginning, the members of the troupe were tired and dispirited, so that the managers were called upon somewhat frequently to settle bickerings and disputes. Madame Darilla rode worse and worse, and with a woman's inconsistency, laid all her shortcomings at the door of Miss Meager. One day, Madame refused a leap after signaling for it. The holders, as the men are called who have charge of the hoops, flags or streamers in the equestrian feats depend upon the riders for signals, either to hold the objects in position or to wave them aside.

After riding round the ring an unusual length of time, Madame signaled for a hoop to be held for her. When she reached it, instead of leaping through it, she flung herself flat upon the horse's back. The ring-master was furious, and high words passed between the Traques and the managers. The latter, as if to exasperate Madame Darilla to the utmost, recalled into the ring Signora Muscatella and Crepido, who were heartily applauded by the audience.

That night we remained in town, as we were to perform upon the following day. Miss Meager's room at the hotel was directly opposite my own. I walked from the tent with her and her father about 11 o'clock, and in ten minutes I was fast asleep in bed. It was about two in the morning that a pounding on the door opposite awoke me. I sprang up, startled and half asleep, to hear some one calling Miss Meager. The next moment I recognized the voice of one of the grooms, and knowing that something very serious must be the matter or he would not have dared disturb my neighbor, I opened my door just as Fanny appeared at hers.

"It is Crepido," I heard the groom say. "He's awful bad, and we didn't dare go any longer without calling you."

"Is Davis there?" she asked, her voice all a tremble with excitement.

"Yes'm. He's down all he can, but the horse is awful sick."

Davis was the veterinary surgeon of the circus. "I'll come," Fanny said. I accompanied her, and soon we stood beside the sick horse. Crepido was lying on his side, his eyes closed, and the bloody foam standing thick upon his lips. His sensitive nostrils quivered with pain. His breath came and went with convulsive sobs. As his mistress threw herself upon her knees beside him, he opened his eyes and attempted to place his pink nose in her hand. He began a whiny of joy, which ended in a cry of agony almost human. Fanny laid her head upon his neck, patting and soothing the superb cream-colored throat.

"What is the matter?" she asked of Davis, in a voice which forced the truth from him.

"Poison," he answered, laconically. "Can you do anything?" she demanded, very stern to all but the dying Crepido, but with a look about her eyes that went to my heart.

"I've done all I could, miss," Davis replied. "It's likely the poison's been working this three or four hours. Traque was round here the last part of the evening giving him sugar."

By this time the other members of the company began to arrive. A trained horse is regarded almost as a comrade by the performers, and the excitement of the incident, with the strong sympathy for

Miss Meager, brought almost everybody to the tent, the news making its way, in some mysterious manner, to the sleepy senses of all the company. The flaring lamps, the hastily and grotesquely dressed bystanders, the noble horse prostrate in the midst, with his beautiful mistress beside him, made a picture not soon to be forgotten.

Probably to avoid suspicion—for one dislikes to accuse them of a desire to gloat over Fanny's grief—the Traques came with the rest. Without prearrangement, their comrades shouldered the pair towards Fanny and Crepido. The struggles of the horse had become frightful. His mistress took his grand head in her lap, and wiped the foam from his lips, soothing him with her voice. Between his paroxysms, Crepido would open his eyes, and look into his mistress's face with an expression positively human. It seemed as if he endeavored to restrain his convulsions for her sake.

Madame Traque was unwillingly pushed close to Miss Meager before the latter noticed her presence. The Spaniard had composed her face into an expression of compassion which thinly veiled over the exultation beneath. She spoke to her rival in a soft purring voice, offering some commonplace of condolence. At the sound of her voice Crepido raised himself upon his front legs, and with mane fairly bristling, snapped savagely with his teeth at Madame. The women shrieked. Madame, white as a ghost, sprang towards her husband. Agitated and staggered and fell, his head resting against Fanny's knees. He panted for breath, took his mistress's fingers between his lips in his old playful fashion. A shudder ran over him. Then he lay, perfectly quiet.

"That was his death struggle," Davis said. "He's out of his misery."

As he spoke, Miss Meager sprang to her feet, and caught Madame Traque by the wrist.

"You have murdered him!" poor Fanny cried, "and I curse you for it. May your horse kill you, as you have killed mine!"

Then she flung herself upon the dead Crepido's neck and burst into an agony of tears.

We buried Crepido before the afternoon performance, and I have stood by the grave of many in which there seemed to me less of worth committed to the dust. Sentiment cannot be allowed to interfere with business on the circuit, and with her second horse, Signora Muscatella, an hour later, was flashing through her acts in the ring. Her performance was necessarily curtailed, since this horse was greatly Crepido's inferior, but she did her best, as she always did.

The closing act on the programme was a "Double Act de Manager," as it was billed. In this Signora Muscatella and Madame Darilla appeared together. They came into the ring smiling upon each other and upon the audience, Fanny in blue and Madame in pink. They mounted upon two black horses, and, joining hands, rode around the ring, waving their whips, and bowing on all sides.

Religion is perhaps none too plenty among circus performers, but the Traques had enough, such as it was. Both were devout, but extremely superstitious Catholics. Madame placed the utmost reliance upon the relic of some saint or other which she wore about her neck. This had been left upon her dressing table the day she fell, and never after did she attempt a leap without first placing her hand upon the charm, to assure herself of its presence. To-day, as the two riders were approaching side by side the two paper-covered hoops through which they were to vault at once, Madame placed her hand upon her bosom, and missed her amulet. By a singular fatality she had left it in her dressing room. The timidity which had been growing upon her since her fall, her intense superstition, and perhaps the memory of the curse which so few hours before had rung in her ears, all combined to overcome her. Signora Muscatella vaulted lightly through the hoop before her. Madame Darilla threw up her hands, with a cry, and attempted to pass under her hoop. Her husband tried to get it out of her way, but she was too near. The head of the unfortunate rider passed through the paper, the hoop catching beneath her chin. With a sickening thud she came to the ground, while the two horses swept on. The ringmaster checked the animals, and Fanny leaped uninjured, to the ground.

Madame Traque was taken up stone dead.—Boston Courier.

SOCIETY.

The term "society" is a pretty vague one. Many a young woman of no striking qualities or accomplishments has been often heard to bewail that there is no society in the spot where she happens to be. Yet in this very place there will be all sorts of people, good, bad and indifferent; there will be merchants and lawyers and doctors and editors and their families. It would be curious to know precisely what kind of folks make up that mysterious quantity which the doleful young woman sighs for as society. It will, perhaps, be found that a sprinkling of dresy and shallow girls and brainless young men who are up in round dances constitute the delightful society that the maiden dreams essential to her felicity. In cities where there are enough people to furnish an indefinite number of grades of society, the distinctions that are drawn in the different sets are decidedly amusing.

The particular set which revolves around pork or lard or oil keeps its skirts clean from a less opulent circle beneath it, and this comedy goes on in a strata away down to the class that embraces the day laborers on railroads. The middle classes, embracing mechanics, artisans, small farmers and small shopkeepers, have certain pretensions, too, in the matter of society, but it must be said, to their credit, that good sense and industry and pleasant manners and kindly dispositions tell more in this circle than sham accomplishments and artificialities. Many usually mingle freely with men, and while every man has a few chosen friends, it will be found that there is no false standard established by which large numbers of the worst members of the community are socially excluded.

This sort of thing is reserved for the

languid young women who think it heaven to dance all night and sleep all day, and who never did a useful thing in their lives, not so much even as to sew a button on a brother's coat. These angelic creatures are the ones who prate of society, and to whom the most gifted men and women in the world would be simply bores. It is not to be wondered at that men have broader and juster ideas than women when it is considered that they are not enslaved by those two words—fashion and society. A man can find deserving and interesting people where a shallow woman would fret her heart to pieces on account of the absence of a half dozen fops. This poor spectacle has been going on from the beginning.—Pittsburgh Telegraph.

THE MYSTERIOUS LEGACY.

My grandfather was a sea captain—not a mere claimant of the title, like the water-men of the lakes and the coast skippers who never got out of sight of land, and who, if they got there, could never get back—but a genuine "old salt," trained from boyhood under a tarpaulin hat, and as familiar with the "paths of the sea," as a shepherd is with those of a sheepwalk. Spending his life on extensive voyages, he was seldom at home long enough at a time for the salt spray to dry on his weather-beaten cheeks; and there was hardly a port on the habitable globe in which he could not shake hands with an old acquaintance, civilized or savage.

Of course his history was crowded with curious incidents. Most of these, at which my childish ears tingled and my eyes dilated, have become so faded in memory as to be incapable of a tolerable narration. The following, however, made a more lasting impression:

During the calm between the Old French war and the American Revolution, a large ship was lying at a wharf in the town of New York, loaded with a valuable cargo and ready to sail for Liverpool, and thence to whatever part of the globe the chances of commerce would dictate.

This was my grandfather's ship, only waiting for her papers and a fair wind. The papers were soon ready, and shortly after them came a breeze. Presently everything on board was in active motion—the casting off and coiling of ropes, the unfurling of canvass, and the running up of sailor boys along the ratlines like spiders on their webs; while the sharp, imperative orders of the mate, and the hearty "ye-hoy-ye!" of the cheerful crew echoed over the rippling waters of the harbor, which looked in the rays of the setting sun as if it was covered with a cream of liquid gold.

Just before the last plank was hauled in, a stranger stepped hurriedly on board and inquired for the Captain's state-room. Being conducted thither, he entered, and, with a slight bow, accosted the Captain, who sat writing at his desk:

"You are for Liverpool, I believe, sir?"

"Yes sir."

"I am in poor health, and, intending to spend the winter in Italy, wish to get passage in the first ship that sails for Europe. Will you take a passenger?"

"Yes sir, if my accommodations will suit you."

"No matter about accommodations, Captain. I am an old sailor and know how to accommodate myself. Besides, the trim of your ship suits my eye."

The allusion to his ill health attracted my grandfather's scrutiny, and the introduction of himself as an old sailor touched his heart. On noting him more particularly, he was struck with an undefinable feeling of curiosity and sympathy at his appearance. Tall, straight and rather slender, he was dressed in fine black broadcloth, with a sort of Spanish cloak of the same color and quality. A two-edged sword, common on shipboard at that time, and improperly called a cutlass, was partly covered by his cloak and hung by his side without a sheath. His hair was quite gray, and his many features would have been handsome had they not been so emaciated as to give unpleasant prominence to half-dozen deep scars on his face. His eyes were blue and full of expression, but restless at times, showing a sudden abstraction. The looseness of one of his black gloves gave evidence that he had lost a finger or two from his left hand. These observations were made by the Captain while the stranger was looking at a beautiful sextant on the table. Turning, as if startled at his forgetfulness, he resumed:

"Name the price, Captain, and I will pay it now."

My grandfather had already fixed the price in his mind and replied:

"You are a sailor, sir, and sick. The accommodations of my ship, as well as my own services, are at your free command."

The language of a sailor's heart cannot be misunderstood, and knows no interpreter; and the stranger knew that remonstrance would be ungenerous on his part. He made no reply but eagerly extended his hand, and my grandfather, as he shook it, thought, he saw a tear in the stranger's eye. But noble hearts are impatient of exhibitions of gratitude, and he quickly added:

"I am ready to sail, sir. Is your baggage on board?"

"This is all my baggage, sir," he replied, showing him a small black satchel under his cloak.

Leading him to a state-room the Captain left him and went on deck, and found the ship already under way, and the sails filled with a stiff breeze, and wharves, warehouses and spectators fast growing small in the distance. At length, as darkness shut in the view, the wind increased to a gale, and from a gale to a tempest; and for ten days and nights the noble ship, which had plowed the seas of every latitude, from Spitzbergen to New Zealand, underwent such a conflict with the elements as she had never before encountered. During all this time, the stranger had been confined below with an apparently rapid consumption, which rough weather had swiftly matured.

During the storm the duties of the Captain were so urgent that he could only make snatched and hasty visits to the sick man; and although they could have been spared from their quarters, he could have hoped for little aid or sympathy from any

of the crew, who, with the easy tendency to the superstitions peculiar to their class, had associated his presence with the perils of the ship.

It would have required but slight encouragement from their officers to induce them to pay him the same compliment that the sailors of Joppa paid to Jonah, on a similar occasion, when "Thesea wrought and was tempestuous."

But on the tenth night, just as the Captain was ready to answer a summons to visit the sick man's berth, the storm ceased; the wind was entirely lulled; and no evidence of its fury remained except the long swelling billows of the sea—the deep after-signs of its mighty passion.

The sudden stilling of the tempest, and the mournful creaking of the spars, now afforded for the first time for many days, forced a shade of melancholy over my grandfather's spirits, as he hastened down the gangway at the call of the stranger.

As he seated himself beside the berth, the sick man fixed his brilliant eyes upon him, and said, calmly:

"Captain, I am dying."

"I hope not, my dear sir; this dreadful gale has weakened you. It is all over, now, and you will soon be better."

"No, Captain," he repeated, "I am dying!" The tempest, I know, is over, so is that other tempest in my breast! This ship has long been tossed and beaten about by the fury of the waves, but it has been sunshine and calm compared with that tempest, Captain! But it is all over now for I have forgiven him—he has long been in the grave—but I have forgiven him!"

My grandfather thought he was delirious; but a second look at the deep intelligence of his eye, and the smiling calmness of his features forbade the conclusion.

He gazed at him a moment with mingled compassion and curiosity, anxious to learn something of a history, the closing scene of which was so dark and mysterious, but unwilling to ask it. His look was interpreted, and the stranger continued:

"I told you I was a sailor. Of thirty-five years I have not spent one upon the land. But this was not my choice. Like a ship, Captain, my supports were knocked from under me, and I was launched upon the ocean. My father was an English merchant in Cadiz, extensively engaged in navigation. He lavishly provided for my education. Having traversed the halls of science, I left Oxford and returned to Spain at the age of twenty. This first year of my freedom from school I spent in rambling over the mountains of that enchanted country. In a deep inland dell, shut out from the world, where the earth was always green and the sky always blue, I met, one day a beautiful young shepherdess—and loved her."

"I will not describe her charms, Captain, for you have been young, and a heart that has loved needs not to be told that to the eye of true affection its object has no defects."

"My father learned my secret—but I knew it not. I had a life-long secret afterwards which he never learned! He came to me one morning, smiled, and said:

"My son, do you want to go to Cuba?"

"Eagerly answered in the affirmative; for it had been a cherished, but hitherto forbidden passion with me to travel."

"One of my vessels sails to-morrow," he said, "and you may go."

"This short interval allowed me no time to bid farewell to my shepherdess, who was fifty miles distant, nor even to inform her of my departure, but I said, aloud: 'I'll soon be back,' and many other consolations I whispered to my heart the next day while bounding over the Atlantic."

"The ship arrived in good time at Havana, discharged her cargo, reloaded and sailed for—Cuba! I was a prisoner on my father's ship! and for five long years I was kept from home—as if all the waters of the ocean could wash out my love!"

"I escaped at length from the prison ship, while lying at Rio, and took passage in a French bark for the Gaudalquivir. No circumnavigation of the globe was ever so long as that voyage. I strained my eyes every day watching for Gibraltar, which I knew was thousands of miles off; and every night I dreamed of mountain rivulets, snowy flocks, and Ina."

"Arriving at last at Seville, I hastened over the Nevada, and sought the sunny dell where my affections had so long nestled, and there found that the idol of my heart was the wife of an Andalusian shepherd! She had been told that I had deserted her, and afterwards that I was dead. I did not weep, for my heart was turned to stone. 'My father, said I, shall never know of his victory?' I did not go to see him; it was wicked, I know, but burning with the spirit of revenge, I turned again to the sea, and never saw him more. I am faint, Captain, and cannot prolong my tale. In six months I was master of a fast sailing vessel—you have seen that vessel, Captain, but never in port, and I have often seen you, and knew your name twenty years ago. But no matter about that. My father continued to freight his ships and send them to different parts of the world—but he never knew that I superintended a large part of his business, and that many of his cargoes found a sale in ports to which they had never been consigned. His agents sometimes failed to report."

"I have said enough, Captain; before tomorrow's sun sets I shall be in the caverns of the deep. But I have forgiven him and do not complain. I have a fortune in the Bank of England, but with it is deposited a will, and the orphan son of Ina is my heir."

"You have been kind to me, Captain, and in token of my gratitude I beg you to accept my watch and cutlass, and this paper, which you will carefully preserve." So saying, he held out a folded scrap of paper, which my grandfather put into his pocket.

Morning dawned—but the stranger's eyes did not open upon it—they were closed forever. In the afternoon the "Burial Service at Sea," that most solemn of sea scenes, was performed—and the shrouded body of the pirate, with a gentle plunge, broke the glassy surface of the

ocean, and sank swiftly to the mysterious depths.

It was many hours afterwards that my grandfather thought himself of the paper in his pocket. He opened it and read as follows:

"Captain Lane: On the eastern point of Nantucket, at high-water mark, is a tall, sharp cliff. A quarter league due west from that cliff is a large, round stone, and near the stone a thorn-bush. That bush grows in a very rich soil."

"The duties of his station kept my grandfather a long time abroad, and when he was in Boston about two years after, he was thinking about acting upon the hint of the enigmatical paper, when his eye happened to fall on the following paragraph in the *Discoverer*:

"WOLFEWORTH, DISCOVERY.—As Mr. John Rogers was breaking a piece of pasture ground on the east shore of Nantucket, about a month ago, his ploughshare turned up a stout thornbush, sticking to the roots of which Mr. Rogers spied several Spanish dollars. Upon this he went to digging lustily, and did not give up till he had hauled out coins, chiefly Spanish doubloons, of more than \$23,000 value. No doubt it was buried by Captain Kidd or some of his pirate kin."

"No doubt," thought my grandfather, as he put down the paper with a slight nervousness. In a week he was again facing the storms of the ocean, enriching his employers by his skill and toil, till his firmities finally drove him high and dry on shore. There, in due time he died of old age, leaving little to his family, except the pirate's cutlass, which three generations of boys have used in their juvenile "trainings," and which, rusted and blunted, may now be seen in the office of his great grandson, a lawyer of New York.

AMERICAN MANNERS.

We quote some sensible paragraphs from a well-written article on the above topic in a recent number of *Our Continent*, in which the author argues that in the best circles in America, there is found today as much true politeness as in those by-gone days when the poets sang of the fine old English gentlemen and their stately dames, and continues:

Evidently, to consider the subject at

AN UNSATISFACTORY MEETING.

A little man, in walking down the dusty road one day, met a little woman traveling about the other way. And, laying down his big valise he bowed in hand some style.

While she returned his greeting with a courteous and smiling face.

"Can you inform me where, ma'am, I can find a wife," said he.

"Twas on my tongue to ask about a husband, sir," said she.

"I'm weary of my single state, and many miles I've gone.

For one who'll cook and wash for me and sew my buttons on;

Who'll wait on me when I am well and tend me when I am ill,

And never give me cause to grumble at a foolish bill.

Do you know any one, ma'am, you can recommend?"

"I'm looking for precisely such a husband, sir," said she.

He pecked up his lips and whistled thoughtfully and low—

Then slowly reached for his valise, regretfully to go.

While with a pensive little smile, she gazed up at the sky,

And watched the fleecy cloudlets as they lazily passed by.

"This plain I'm not the husband you're after, ma'am," said he.

"This evident I'm not the wife you're seeking, sir!" said she.

—St. Nicholas.

A Patent Gate.

Mr. Wigwam is a farmer, and recently one of those agents that infest the country came along and tucked off upon him an automatic gate. The gate was so arranged that the weight of a person approaching would cause it to rise, and when they passed under it came. This gate was painted red, and the day after it was put in position a cross bull owned by Mr. Wigwam discovered it. A bull somehow has a rooted antipathy for that hue, and this animal no sooner discovered the gate than he made a rush to go to it. Of course, as the bull approached the gate his weight caused it to rise, and he passed under it, and his failure to hit anything solid seemed to affect him about as it does a man to go up a dark stairway, and when he has reached the top, think there is one step more, and step for it, and bring his foot down so hard that it makes the sole tingle as if slapped by a single, and leaves the print of the boot on the floor. When the bull recovered a little, and looked back and saw the gate, which had come down in its original position, he could not quite understand how he had passed it and what had happened, and he stood and thrashed himself with his tail and then tried it again. Same result. Bull more puzzled than ever, and awful mad. Another trial. The infuriated animal only succeeded in rooting his nose into the ground. Bull almost delirious with rage. Wigwam, who is watching him from the house, is in the same condition from laughter. The bull evidently made up his mind to hit the gate in the attempt, and he tried the thing seven more times, and yet the gate stood there every time when he looked back. Then, having wrenched himself and scraped the hide off his nose, and got quite out of breath, the animal became discouraged, and drew aside and merely watched the gate.

But Wigwam hadn't had enough of the fun. He took a mirror and went out and climbed upon the gate, and caught the bright rays of sunlight upon the mirror and flashed them in the bull's eyes to madden him. It did. The bull rushed once more at the gate. Wigwam expected the gate to rise up with him and let the bull pass. But his weight left the gate down. The bull hit the gate square. Wigwam was knocked forty feet and got his eyes and mouth full of dirt, and was badly skinned. The mirror was shattered, and the bull caught his horns and one foot in the gate, which broke from its fastenings, and he went madly careening about, struggling to release himself, and Wigwam didn't care to go to his rescue, and was too much hurt to do anything anyhow, and finally the bull, after tearing up everything within his reach, threw himself and broke his neck. Loss, \$900. Wigwam lays all the blame on the gate agent, which, perhaps, is natural.

Curing a Balty Horse.

On Thursday a man came into the Sun office with the worst looking head on him that ever was seen outside of Oconomowoc. His eyes were both blacked, there was a cut across his nose, one ear was stuck on with court plaster, one arm was in a sling, and he used a pair of crutches. He hobbled in the door of the blue room, and asked if the editor was in, and on being told that the great prevaricator stood before him, he spit on his hands, grabbed a crutch as one would a club, looked wild, and accepted an invitation to sit down on the sofa. He sat down reluctantly, as though it hurt, and after laying his crutches on the floor, and feeling of his car to see if it was on yet, he said:

"About three weeks ago you had an item in your paper telling about a new scheme for curing balty horses. It was an electric battery to be placed in the buggy, with wires running to the horse's bit, and when a horse balked the instructions were to touch a button with the foot, when the electric current would go to the horse's mouth, take his attention from his balking, and he would go along all right. Do you remember such an item?"

The editor scratched the bald spot on his head, looked wise, and said he did remember something about it, and asked the visitor if he had purchased a battery and tried it.

"Tried it," said he, as he picked up one of the crutches and fixed the splints on his sprained arm. "Look at me! Don't look as though I had tried it! I tell you these newspapers are doing more to popularize our ceremonies with their lies about scientific matters, than all the doctors. Yes sir, I tried it, and it is a wonder that I am spared to come in here and maul you. I live out near Eagle, and have got an old mare that has been balty off and on for sixteen years. I have traded her on more than twenty times, and had to take her back each time or have a lawsuit, and the first four lawsuits I had about her I got beat, so I had concluded not to trade her off any more. I read about the battery, and sent to Chicago and got one, and rigged it up in the bottom of a democrat wagon, and fixed the wire in the bit just

as you said. One morning, about a week ago, I hitched up the old mare to take a few cans of milk to the cheese factory, and I was afraid she would not balk so I could cure her. I had more confidence in the electric cure than anything in the world, for two reasons: First, I have always found your paper a truthful one, and second, electricity cured me of inflammatory rheumatism, which was worse than any balty horse you ever saw. Well, I got almost to the cheese factory, and the old mare balked. She had balked there before, and all the neighbors and the hands at the factory came out to tell me how to start her. I told them to all stand back, and I would show them how to start a balty horse. They stood back and laughed and I touched the button with my foot, and I could see that the old mare got the shock, because she stuck up her ears and shook her head.

"Just as I stepped on the button again, to give her the second dose, she switched her tail around and caught the wire, which was quite slack, and wound it around her tail about four times, and my foot was on the button. O, how she kicked. I forgot to take my foot off the button, in the excitement, and kept the electric current going, and I hope to die if the air was not full of heels, and pieces of wagon, and milk cans, and me. She seemed to have the strength of a hundred horses, and it seemed to me as though the whole conveyance, horse and all, went over the trees as though carried by a cyclone. I and the wagon came down first, and then it began to hail milk cans and rain milk, and the old mare stood there with the copper wire wound round her tail, kicking and pawing milk cans, and tipping pieces of wagon on me. The boss of the cheese factory got me by one leg and pulled me out of the wreck, and one of the neighbors got hold of the battery and pulled the wire off from the mare's tail, and she went to eating grass, and drinking some milk, that had collected in a hole in the road and they got me home, and I have been in bed ever since till this morning. I came in on the train to see what you would give to settle. I don't want to be hard on any man that is struggling along to build up a business, but, by gosh, it does seem to me there ought to be a responsibility some where for such outrages."

The editor looked wise some more, and finally told the man that if he had not paid a royalty to Edison for the use of the electric horse persuader, he was liable to be arrested by a United States marshal and taken to New Jersey for trial on a charge of infringement of a patent, and it would cost him thousands of dollars; so he concluded to keep still about it if the editor would, and he went off, after saying that he still had faith in the battery. If they could keep the wire from getting around the tail of the horse, and as he was going to take city boarders at his farm this summer, he would get some one to practice on the old mare with the electric current.—Peck's Sun.

The Submissive German Woman.

The young Western States, which should naturally be the homes of all progress, are filling up, on an enormous scale, with a race of men in many respects admirable, but accustomed to views which are very close to barbarism in all that concerns the condition of women.

It needs but to travel in Germany, or to converse with those recently returned thence, to feel the importance of this fact. It is not long since a young American traveler, talking with a German lady, asked her why there was so much astonishment in boarding houses whenever an American was seen to black his own shoes.

"Because," she answered, "No German gentleman blacks his own shoes." "Who does it?" "His servant." "Suppose he cannot afford to keep a servant?" "Then his wife does it." "Do you approve of that?" "Certainly I do," was the final answer; "was not woman created to be the servant of man?"

All the theories of social courtesy in Germany, so far as I have known, imply deference as due to the man, not the woman. A young physician lately from Berlin, was telling me the other day, that at his boarding-house there, soon after his arrival, he stepped aside to give precedence to a lady, who, like himself, was entering the dining-room. She begged him to precede her, and when he declined, she sidled reluctantly in, keeping her face always deferentially turned toward him, as toward a crowned head. This happened two or three times, until she at last remonstrated with him, pointing out that nobody else did as he did, and that it made it awkward for her. After this, observing that every other man in the family made his way into the dining-room and left the ladies to follow as they could, he found it easier to do the same, and so adopted the common practice.

Mrs. Pittman, in her "European Breezes," gives an amusing account of the awkwardness of Hungarian army officers at being asked to hold a lady's shawl for her, since their professional etiquette forbids their carrying anything in their hands.

But the same is the rule in all good society in Germany, and if a gentleman and lady walk together in the street, it is only the lady, not her escort, whom propriety permits to carry a parcel. To such a paradoxical extent does this go, that a lady once begged of a young American to allow her, for her own sake, to carry the bundle; it would never do for her to be seen walking with a man who would so degrade himself as to take it. This throws light on the story—which has always seemed a little incredible—of Rev. Dr. Christlieb's remark, that the spirit of Christ must be wanting in America, since he had more than once seen a husband fetch his wife's shawl for her. "Bear ye one another's burden," was not to be found, it seemed, in the good pastor's Bible. And as the bible of German science seems equally destitute of any such passage, it looks as if the whole civilized world were in a fair way to be perceptibly retarded through the curious backwardness of highly educated but semi-civilized nations.—Col. Higginson in the Woman's Journal.

Skiing Men.

"Wells' Health Renewer" restores health and vigor, cures Dyspepsia, Debility. \$1.

Old Clocks.

The old brass clocks only went thirty hours, and were set in motion by a weight attached to a chain which passed over a sheave having spikes in the groove, which caught the links of the chain, and required to be drawn up every day. There was a counterpoise at the other end of the chain, and sometimes a single weight was contrived to serve both the going and the striking parts, and there was an occasionally an alarm. On the introduction of the long pendulum, clocks seem to have assumed a different character. Catgut was substituted for the chain, and barrels were introduced, on which the catgut was wound up, and a greater length of line being employed, clocks were made to go for eight days instead of thirty hours, and a chime of bells playing every quarter of an hour, was often added; the weights and pendulum hung down, and as there was danger of their action being interfered with, tall wooden cases were made to protect them, on the top of which the movement was placed. This was, I believe, the origin and date of the tall, upright clock cases, which were often made of ornamental woods, and enriched with fine marquetry. I have one myself in an early marquetry case, made by Thomas Tompion, with a beautiful set of chimes, about 1690, and it is an admirable time-keeper, though it has only the original iron wire for the pendulum rod; and similar instances are numerous. The earlier cases are made of oak and walnut, the mahogany cases being of the following century, when that wood was introduced. The brass "button and pillar" clocks seem to have gone out of use about this time, and probably few were made at the end of the seventeenth century, but that will appear more clearly if I receive many communications from the owners of dated examples. With regard to the name of the brass clocks, I have heard them called, very many years ago, "button and pillar clocks." The meaning and origin of the name I cannot tell, unless it is derived from the pillars at the corners, and the hook or button on which the clock may be hung up against the wall.—Notes and Queries.

The Botallack Works.

The scene at the Botallack works used to be absolutely unique, and is a remarkable instance of the facility with which man may familiarize himself with danger in the pursuit of wealth or in the struggle for existence. The entrance to Botallack was on the face of some of the boldest precipices that are to be found on the wild northern coasts of the country. Looking upward from the strip of beach beneath, you saw dwarfed human beings like trains of ants, swarming upon the least accessible foot-tracks and ledges. Barrows laden with blocks of ore were being wheeled over the single plank bridges that spanned bottomless abysses. When the men knocked off from work for relaxation, they smoked their pipes and took their midday meal on a promontory sloping to the rollers that broke many hundred feet below.

And the curious visitor, without the constitutional imperturbability of the natives, had to accept a trying share of the risk. He made his way downward from the crest of the cliff to the opening of the shaft by something like a goat-track, that was dangerously treacherous in wet weather. At the mouth of the pit, having produced his credentials, he was equipped in complete mining costume, and surely never was that serviceable but unbecomingly dress more necessary. For the descent was by a succession of perpendicular ladders, in an incessant drip from the walls of the circular shaft, which struck painfully on the ear in the darkness. And the terrors thickened around him when he had arrived at the bottom, for the Cornish miners showed a dare-devil recklessness which should have been exceedingly gratifying to the adventurers who employed them. Those who went in for piece-work for their very moderate daily wage would never stick at a trifle when a vein showed signs of wealth. The consequence was that they had worked at the roof of the cavern in the Botallack till but a thin crust was left between them and the ocean; and on one occasion when they had been hewing at a tempting mass of copper ore they had actually to stop a yawning orifice with stones and cement. In any case, above the ring of pickaxes you could hear the surf rolling about the shingle over-head, so that, independently altogether of minor disagreeables, the stranger was too happy to beat a retreat.—Blackwood's Magazine.

JACKSON, Mich., Feb. 5, 1882.

DR. PENGLY: Please send me \$6.00 worth of your valuable medicine. It is doing wonders for some ladies here, and for one in particular, who a year ago now was confined to her room, and most of the time to her bed. Every one said she had consumption. I knew she had diseases your medicine was recommended to cure, and persuaded her to try it. In a few weeks there was a decided change; in a few more she let her hired help go, and has done her housework ever since, and walks every day a distance of a mile and a half.

Respectfully yours,
MRS. GEO. COREY.

As little Johnny was coming into the rear side door of his house, it being muddy outside, his mother asked:

"Did you wipe off your feet?"

"No, ma'am," responded Johnny.

"Why not?" asked the mother.

"Cause if I did, I wouldn't have any feet; that's the reason. I wiped off my shoes, though."

50 Fills in 24 Hours!

"I employed some of the best physicians here," wrote Wm. E. Tanner, of Dayton, Ohio. "They all said my child could not live for three weeks. It had 50 fills in 24 hours. We gave it *Samaritan Nerveine* and the medicine affected a permanent cure." Druggists.

Not a particle of calomel or any other deleterious substance enters into the composition of Ayer's Cathartic Pills. On the contrary they prove of special service to those who have used calomel and other mineral poisons as medicines, and feel their injurious effects. In such cases Ayer's Pills are invaluable.

"The man who knows nothing of Mrs. Lydia E. Pinkham and her sovereign remedy for women is wanted for a juryman. The fact clearly proves that he does not read the papers.—N. H. Register.

VARIETIES.

The Early Peach came to a place where four roads met. He slapped his chest with his stem and looked to the east and to the south.

"Bismillah!" he cried, "I am the boss and I drive the ambulance."

The little green apple came down the long road from the west and heard him. He bowed to the north and he bowed to the west.

"I am the son of the cyclone," he shouted, "and I travel with my own private corner."

"By the camel of Mahomet," said the early peach. "I am the friend of the sexton, and I can knock you out in four rounds, Marquis of Tewksbury rules."

"Come to the wake," shrieked the little green apple, "and you may call me the harmless paw-paw of the wilderness if I cannot double up the man who planted you."

Then they looked down the four long roads and waited for some one to practice on. From the east came a fair young girl from Vassar College and up from the south came a gray-haired African.

"Take you the fair student," said the early peach.

"Not I," said the little green apple, "I didn't come here to attempt impossibilities. For nearly ten years that girl has sat at surreptitious midnight lunches; she has broken up a score of young men with her ice-cream bills, and still she is hungry. But I will stand aside and give you a chance at the African."

"I am not on the suicide lay this morning," said the early peach. "I know him, and already since yesterday's sun there have been respo beneath his untroubled vest a peck and a half of my brethren and he is even now water-melons, and all my tribes fear him. Allah is great, but some things are impossible."

So they let many people pass by unharmed, the old, the tough, the wary and the well-seasoned. But when the day was far spent, coming down the long road from the west, they saw a ruddy boy, the pride and joy of his home and the torment of his teacher. Whistling a merry roundelay he came, his face as rosy as the glowing west, his heart as light as thistle-down.

He was their meat.

The early peach and the little green apple set their teeth and breathed hard as he came near.

"Nox!" they shrieked, and livid with hate they fiercely sprung upon him.

In two short minutes that boy had both of them down, and as he cracked the peach pit to get at the "goody," he said:

"Jimmy jinks, I wish I knew where I could find a bushel of them fellows."

The early peach with a dying gasp turned and said:

"We were taken in."

With a hollow groan the little green apple replied:

"Of course."

But the boy slept soundly all that night, and came back the next day to look for more.—*Burlington Hawkeye.*

RECENTLY there was a great revival of religion in a Western town, where butter, cheese and milk are the principal products. One evening, after meeting, a dairyman approached the domine and remarked:

"You are doing a noble work here, sir, I'm pleased to see."

"Yes, truly; many Prodigal Sons are returning home to the church."

"Ah!" exclaimed the dairyman, "what effect do you suppose that will have on the veal market?"

"Sir!" said the astonished preacher, "what do you mean by such a worldly allusion as that?"

"Oh, I didn't know but what the return of so many Prodigal Sons might cause a great demand for fatted calves, and thus raise the price of veal," retorted the wicked man, as he walked off whistling "When the cows come home."

"JAMES!"

"Yes, pa."

"There were seven California pears in that cupboard. Six of them have gone. Do you know anything about it?"

"I never took one of them."

"Sure?"

"Certain, pa. Wish I may die, if—"

"You wicked, bad boy; how often have I told you never to use such an expression! Here comes ma; let us see if she knows anything about it."

Mamma says she saw James take at least five of them.

"You little rascal! How dare you tell me you never took one, and here's only this little one with the grub-eaten side left?"

"Oh, pa, don't hit me, I said I didn't take one of them—and—and—that's the one I didn't take."

Pa relented.

GETTING NEAR THE TOP.—In one of his visits to Rochester, the late Charles Backus was invited to visit a very fine, tall and large business building called Powers' block, then newly erected on the main street. He was told that a beautiful view of the city and a glimpse of Lake Ontario could be obtained from the roof. The building contained no elevator, and the minstrel, a very heavy and short-winded man, climbed and climbed, traversing flight after flight of stairs between the ground floor and the roof. On the top story he halted, posted a door and rapped upon the janitor's daughter responded.

"Excuse me," said Backus, puffing and panting and mopping his face with his handkerchief, "but is St. Peter in?"

Jumbo is creating much delight among the innocent citizens of Chicago. One of his duties is to carry passengers, especially the little people. A little girl who had tested his powers as a steed thought she should reward him with peanuts and ran to secure them. Jumbo had been headed south, reversed his position while she was away, and the little one came running back breathless and reached out her offering toward the tall-gable in blissful innocence of the change.

"Oh, dear," she said a moment later, "I thought this was the other end!"

The little girl, who called the ostrich the bird with a bonnet tail, put it about right.

Why is a dog's tail a great novelty? Because no one ever saw it before.

Why is the comet more like a dog than the dog star? Because it has a tail and the dog star hasn't.

It was the fellow who stepped on a tack who first remarked, "The iron has entered my sole."

This is about the time of the year that a young man gets his father to buy him a boat, and then names it after his girl.

It is with some mothers in the treatment of their children as with fireworks. First the rocket and then the stick.

A Portland woman hit a man with an egg because he kissed his hand to her. Served him right. Next time he'll know enough to kiss the woman.

Joseph Cook says he is "the product of 25 years of education, including foreign travel." Another argument for keeping the boys at home on the farm.

Why is it that, whenever you are looking for anything, you invariably find it in the last place in which you look? Because you always stop looking when you find it.

"I felt that when a wild goose's mate dies, it never takes another?" asks a young widow. "Yes, but don't worry about that. The reason it acts that way is because it is a goose."

"Why do you carry your pocketbook in your hand?" asked a Philadelphia husband of his wife. "Oh," was the quiet reply, "it is so light that I am afraid it might jump out of my pocket."

"Do you see my washing in a Troy lamp, dry?" asked a Milton man of a friend. "No," was the reply, as he gazed sorrowfully at the fringed collars and cuffs. "I have it done at a dry-Troy laundry."

"When are you going to make me that pair of new boots I ordered?" asked Gus de Smith of his shoemaker. "When you pay for the last pair I made for you." "Whew! I can't wait so long as that?"

There is a class of persons resembling the Dutch justice, who said in his haste, upon hearing the plaintiff's testimony, "You've got the case," and after listening to the defendant, "And you've got the case too."

"Hush! Beware of the torpedo!" said a young lady to an indelible admirer who was becoming too attentive. On his asking for an explanation, she answered: "Oh, it's only our new name for mamma, because she blows us up so."

A Los Angeles rancher has raised a pumpkin so large that his two children use a half each for a cradle. This may seem very wonderful in the rural districts, but in thirty three or four full grown policemen have been found asleep on a single bean.

The coal man's cart broke down as he was going to weigh the coal. "You needn't fuss to weigh that coal," said the man who had purchased it. "If it is heavy enough to break down the cart, it weighs more than any ton of coal I ever got before. I'm satisfied."

The shortest letter ever written consisted of a single letter. A French poet once wrote to his friend, the dramatist, the following two words: "To me," which is the Latin for "I am going into the country." Piron, not to be beaten in the matter of brevity, wrote back "I," which in Latin signifies "Go."

As the happy couple were leaving the church the husband said to the partner of his wedded life: "Marriage must seem a dreadful thing to you. Why, you were all of a tremble, and one could hardly hear you say 'I will.' I shall have more courage, and say it louder next time," returned the blushing bride.

A genuine dude has struck Laramie. He has a homelike head and aliphatic feet. His trousers are so tight that he never takes them off, and he has a plate-glass window in one eye. The other is closed for repairs. He got on the wildest kind of a debauch last night with half an ounce of champagne and a bunch of cigarettes. He hails from New York.

Quite a plain expression of opinion appears in the following anecdote: A lady once requested Rowland Hill to examine her son as a candidate for the ministry, remarking: "I am sure he has a talent but it is hid in a napkin." At the close of the interview with the young man Mr. Hill remarked: "Well, madam, I have shaken the napkin, but I cannot find the talent."

A process has been invented by which heavy planks can be manufactured from straw. Ah, yes, now we understand what makes the strawber shorts at our hotels so thoroughly water-proof and solid. The flooring and roof of the same is manufactured by this process from the straw in the berries. And that also explains another mystery, to wit, viz.: What becomes of the strawberries?

Don't Die in the House.

"Rough on Rats" Clears out mice, roaches, bed-bugs, flies, ants, moles, chipmunks, gophers, etc.

THE HOUSEHOLD.

BEFORE MARRIAGE—WHAT?

Some weeks ago an article from the pen of Beatrix, "After Marriage—What?" suggested the question, what before? All the after bliss or pain, harmony or discord, depends upon what precedes the union consummated.

Whether we are "totally depraved" or tend naturally toward the upward in growth, it looks as though the prevailing ideas and aims in regard to marriage were somewhat depraved. We are not far in advance of barbarous nations, where wives are bought and sold like any piece of property. Here marriage is usually an ownership, without fitness. I cause lies in the dependence of women, the inequality of the sexes, and the easy access to the married state.

Woman must become a unit, self-supporting, make her individual life a success; then as maiden, man cannot ignore and trample upon her, and as wife she will be a truer woman, possessing finer character.

children with eternity before them, how far below the birds are they in perfection of development!

What a period of study, and earnest self-examination this before marriage should be! Character should be studied, masks torn away.

Honesty and purity should dwell in every thought.

What does that "peculiar smile mean" which we so often see when subjects relating to marriage are referred to?

What means the conversation of many married women which causes the young girl's cheek to crimson, and her eyes grow wide with wonder? If women be not true to nature and womanhood, where shall we find delicacy?

Many a girl is scarcely recognized by her friends five years after marriage, why is this? It is because marriage becomes a cloak for sin. We talk of the evils of intemperance, the terrors of king alcohol are painted in thrilling words, but the evils of other intemperances are kept hidden, though they taint the life-blood with every poison and blight the fairest souls. I have seen a girl, happy and fair; she became the wife of a man much older than she—what did he intend to do with her? She was his purchase, that is all. Child, with her innocent heart, she had no fear, he said he loved her. Marriage seemed as simple a thing to her as falling asleep, and she gave it no more thought. She believed she would be happy, but though jewels and rich garments were hers, she wet her pillow with tears, the lines grew fast in her face, the light faded from her eyes and hope from her life. Mothers teach their girls to make chastity a living presence within, they teach them high ideals of life, what do they teach those who are to be their husbands?

There would be fewer mistakes and less suffering in the after-time, if the gate of marriage were made as difficult of entrance as of exit. What more right has a minister to unite two of whose fitness and circumstances he knows nothing than the law has authority to grant divorce before examining a case? Now days "Dorothy" doesn't have to possess even "the warp and fillin'" for a new comforter or a bran new feather-bed, but she leaves the window of her father's house, if she wishes, and "flies to the arms of her lover;" they are married but it can seldom be added, "and were happy ever afterward." There is too much sentiment and too little sense in the proceeding to warrant eternal bliss. Sentimentality can be dispensed with. Love is not a process of reasoning, nor can logic quicken the beautiful germ into growth. The quick, grand revelation which its hallowing influence brings to the soul is not to be captured by the mind and described in words. Yet feeling must not reign; were we creatures of perfection, we might trust to our impulses. There must be thought and preparation before we enjoy results, and as surely as we give ourselves up to enjoy unreasonably, the pleasure we had hoped to win falls.

Physiological truth must be taught; we must know "the house we live in" in order to make it "Home, Sweet Home." We must dare to do, and to speak the truth though ignorance and prejudice raise a thousand tongues to oppose. We are bound to grow to a higher standard of life, purity will become a word of broader meaning, devotion to principle instead of passion will prevail, we shall make existence fuller, and a sweeter incense will arise from the altar of our hearts to the Creator of all good.

There may or may not be a plan; few of us can predict the results of great movements. We work, each in his little sphere, and the end draws nearer.

STRONG-MINDED GIRL.

LESLIE, July 14, '83.

THE HIGHWAY COW AGAIN.

I would like to endorse the position of Beatrix on the question of the "highway cow," that unmitigated nuisance of rural districts. I find but one mistake in the position taken by Beatrix; she speaks of the practice as one of former times, but unfortunately, this relic of barbarism prevails still in too many otherwise civilized localities. We are creatures of habit, and it takes time and patience to educate opinions once formed, and elevate us from ruts of habit so long traveled. In early times, when each settler had a little patch of clearing, like little isles in the vast expanse of forest, it was eminently proper he should fence in his crops and fence out the few animals then allowed the wide range of uncultivated woodland, where they could support existence; but gradually the public common became cleared and inclosed, and faster, still, until the number of animals increased; until in many counties the highway is the only common left, yet the preposterous idea that animals may roam at large is fixed in many stupid heads, and the cry of persecution and oppression is raised against those long-suffering souls, who take measures to claim and maintain their rights.

It is always the "poor widow" that is brought forward to invoke sympathy, and it is a credit to the great heart of humanity that this plea has so long prevailed, while selfish, wealthy, shameless men have profited by it.

It is not that people were hoodwinked by the pretence, but they feared to practice even the "appearance of evil," and so possessed their souls with impatience, while men with broad acres turned cows, horses, sheep, swine and geese into the highway to forage and annoy their law-abiding neighbors; and if the animals got into the inclosure (as they often would despite the best precaution), they would reply to complaint of damage that the fence was out of repair, or openings left, as "my animals are perfectly orderly."

We have had a long and hard personal experience in this matter, and can speak from an experience that has taken all sentiment out of the case. All animals running at large are here taken into custody, and we have found many more belong to men worth thousands of dollars, who turn animals out by the drove, than are owned by "poor widow;" indeed, on one occasion a man came with bitter invectives and loud complaints of the cruelty of a person who would shut up

the "three cows of a 'poor widow'" when it transpired that he himself was the husband of that "lone body."

It matters no more to the public whether a man mows his roadside hay, than his meadow, yet none would have the cheek to claim the right for the "poor widow" to pasture his meadow in case he left it unmowed.

The question of irritated land unneighborly feeling should be considered in the matter, also. Enmity, litigation, and destruction of social intercourse with all its improving, helpful amenities, are often the results of the license given the "highway cow."

Time honored privileges got to be regarded as rights, but when the circumstances that gave origin to privilege cease to exist, or are totally changed, it is time to have changes in privilege.

I am glad our Household Editor has opened his columns for an agitation of the question, as our brethren, though restive under this state of things and privately fuming with wrath, are too long-suffering to speak in print. I suppose their many hearts thrill with fear least some sentimental fraud should point them out as the defrauder of the "poor widows." Many are so afraid of being called mean, but I consider it mean to impose on the good nature of another, not mean to maintain one's rights.

I have no doubt many yet really believe stock have a right to highway pasture, and the man who denies that right is a "crusty old curmudgeon;" and I fear it will take a long time to convert them to a belief that law is justice, if our Law Editor, after informing them that it is unlawful to allow animals to roam, reads them a homily on the pastoral beauty of the custom; counsels good feeling in the matter, thus insinuating, at least, that people are aggrieved when forced to obey the law—and finds sensual pleasure for the ear in the "far off" tinkle of the cow bell, but he omits mention of the pleasure found by the eye and nose from the materialization of his pastoral symphony.

If a law is obnoxious and unjust, the best way to demonstrate that fact is to give it a vigorous enforcement and thus compass its repeal. Unless H. A. H. reforms and discards his pastoral glamour, I propose we vote him a "mystical fraud," or, more poetically, an "aesthetic humbug" on the issue of the "highway cow," and take energetic measures for his enlightenment.

Agitation of the question will demonstrate its rightfulness and

